SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL. BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## Unfinished Novels

AN unfinished work for which a master novelist has indicated no conclusion must always have something of special interest attaching to it, for it will always remain matter for speculation. As to what the end of the tale might have been had not death interrupted its course many men may hazard a plausible forecast, but none may speak with certainty. For while there may be a dozen endings to a story that are possible or convincing there can be but one that is compact of the spirit and outlook that joined in its conception. Whether it be a tale of adventure, where incident and situation hold dominance over the interplay of motive and conduct, or a novel of manners, it must in the mind of its creator have been conditioned by admirations, enthusiasms, or prejudices that lie outside the actual current of its plot yet directly affect its shaping.

There comes a moment, however, in the evolution of any work of genius when the material takes command of the artist, when he is no longer a free agent writing as he will but the creature of the thing that he has brought into being, driven sometimes in a direction counter to all his intentions. When that moment comes who can know what will be the issue of his struggle to square his preconceptions with the dictates of his story? He himself may find the fight momentarily too much for him, and lay down his pen in despair. But not for long, for the story possesses him, and if he would know peace of mind he must on with it.

We are told that Joseph Conrad's novel, "Suspense," which the *Saturday Review* commences to serialize with this issue, though left unfinished at the time of his death, was not a work undertaken as his life was nearing its close, but one on which he had long been laboring. We say "laboring" advisedly, for apparently the tale was bitterly recalcitrant. "The brute," said Conrad, referring to Napoleon, "gets in the way every time I start upon it, and I have to put it down." Would the "brute" in the end have dominated the novel as it did the mind of Conrad if it had been given to the novelist to complete his story? That can now be only matter of conjecture.

Yet conjecture in regard to the probable outcome of any novel may be something more than wild surmise or ingenious suggestion. For an author rises above his fellows by just so much as his traits and his methods are distinctively his own. His past and his present, blent into a philosophy of living, his cast of mind, his response to the great drama of human existence—whether he look upon it as tragedy or comedy—the degree of his interest in the complicated web of human relationships, the amount of his exultance in the sheer fact of being and doing—these are the warp and woof of his writing. They and not the mere manner of his expression are the style that is the man. They are the basis of his personality, the gauge of his method and aims.

Imagine half a dozen great novelists starting out with identical situations and personalities to write a romance, and what will you get? Half a dozen novels as widely divergent as the genius of their authors is genius by reason of its distinctive flavor. In proportion as men ascend in the range of their abilities the personal equation counts more and more in the product of their powers. And the personal equation is a compound of knowing, feeling, and thinking plus the intangible something outside of his experience that sends a man into the world with a predisposition to be morose or ardent and to see life as a great adventure or a pitiful pilgrimage. Since, then, indeed a "good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit" it should be a clue to the whole philosophy of life and writing of its author, the means to forecasting if not the specific detail the probable drift and general goal of any work in which he starts out to present human destiny evolving under the play of circumstance and impulse. The Conrad of "Suspense" is the Conrad of the books that have gone before it. It is of the very temper and habit of the man, and those who have read others of his works should find not only the delight they are accustomed to derive from his writing in this, the last volume to come from his pen, but a problem of exceeding interest in determining the conclusion to which Conrad might have brought it had he lived to conquer Napoleon.

## *Panorama*

By ROBERT NATHAN

WHAT if these mountains lift their pride
To skies as warm as these or cold?
The heart must be at least as wide
As this, to have such peace to hold.

The heart must be at least as high,
The spirit have as broad a lease,
To lift such quiet to the sky,
To take the hills with so much peace.

## This Week

Books for the Journey. By *Aldous Huxley.*

"Brigham Young." Reviewed by *Bernard De Voto.*

"The Death of Christopher Marlowe." Reviewed by *Tucker Brooke.*

Varieties of the Essay. By *Lloyd Morris.*

"Myself and Others." Reviewed by *J. Ranken Towse.*

"The Creative Spirit." Reviewed by *Ralph M. Eaton.*

"Human Nature and the Gospel." Reviewed by the *Rev. H. A. Stimson.*

"Bring! Bring!" Reviewed by *Malcolm Cowley.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

## Next Week, or Later

Suspense. By *Joseph Conrad.*

Vachel Lindsay's Poems. Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

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## The Poet's Pen

By CLEMENCE DANE

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape—

IT'S a queer thing that so few people read poetry. To buy a shocker to read in the train seems to most of us a condonable extravagance: to buy a modern classic—a Tomlinson, a Hardy, or a Galsworthy (it's now possible to get all Galsworthy's short stories in one volume, by the way: the collection is called "Caravan") stamps the buyer in our eyes as we peep at him over our *London Opinion*, as that odd fish, a highbrow; but we are still respectful. If he buys a play, we call him eccentric and edge away from him; but if he has bought and is reading a book of poetry, we pull the communication cord that the guard may rescue us from the propinquity of a lunatic.

Exaggeration? Perhaps! Yet if you take the first forty bookshelves in the first forty houses, in the first forty streets you next walk down, I'll bet you the moon against sixpence that there is an average of not more than two books of verse to thirty novels. And I will bet you a fifth quarter to an extra penny that the book of verse will be a school prize, bound in calf or cheap morocco stuffed with cotton wool, and if the verse isn't Longfellow's or "The Idylls of the King," it will be "Omar Khayyam" in purple suede with flapped edges. I am not sneering at Longfellow. He was a great poet for the immortal half hour in which he wrote "The Death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert"—

Southward with fleet of ice
Sailed the Corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

And Tennyson is already coming into his own again, into the understanding of a generation that, because it has not been brought up on "Enoch Arden" and the "Idylls," forced to think them the proper thing, can afford to revel in such spells as—

All the land in flowery squares
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer—

or the song of the brook—

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

And indeed the only fault I find with Fitzgerald's masterpiece is that I have at least six copies given me yearly, badly illustrated, in fancy bindings.

But, prizes and Christmas novelties apart, who buys a poetry book, or habitually reads it as a substitute for a novel? One in a hundred? One in a thousand? I know that a good deal more modern verse is read than was read ten years ago; but I said—who reads poetry? There is little enough to be found in the work of either our confirmed sentimentalizers or our ruthless rhymers; not even when they are married as G. L. Graves slyly marries them in "A Maeandrian Melody by Lilith Wheeler Coxwell" in his delightful, ridiculous new volume, "More Lauds and Libels." But these schools will

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always have their readers nevertheless, for—

The sunbeam loved the moonbeam
And followed her low and high,
But the moonbeam fled and hid her hand,
She was so shy, so shy

and—

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe

are equally precious to collectors of the absurd: sure of an honored place beside such classics as "The Polished Female Friend" or Hayley's "Serena" herself, not Serena Blandish, that peculiar heroine of one of this year's novels, but Serena of "The Triumphs of Temper." Queer how tastes change! "The Triumphs of Temper" ran into twelve or fourteen editions, and its author was offered the Laureateship. When he commissioned one William Blake to decorate his library for him with medallion portraits of the world's great poets, the list began with Homer, included Dante, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, and ended serenely with Hayley himself; yet Hayley's world guffawed no protest. Today we know the hermit of Felpham only by Byron's savagery in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," by Blake's noble engravings of ridiculous illustrations to his ridiculous verses, and by the fact that, with the best of intentions, he patronized Blake and rendered him services with so sublime a superiority that Blake was at last stung into retorting, in the blessed secrecy of his notebook, with an epigram that would have sent poor Hayley blushing to his grave if he had read it. Yet even vain Hayley, solemnly enshrined by patient Blake among the great ones of the earth, his blank face to which even Blake could not lend a soul setting off the others as Aladdin's blank window set off the eleven painted ones, had his modesties. At least he did not dismiss the work of all the poets of his immediate yesterday as "Pink Pills for Pale People." I have heard the poetry of the Victorian age thus dismissed by a writer of the moment. When will our moderns learn that it is unwise as well as unbecoming to dance on the graves of dead poets? What do they gain? More attention for their own work? But popular undiscriminating appreciation merely implies that the writer sees what his fellows see, but sees no further, does not irritate by his inexplicable foresight. But a true poet is above all things a fore-seer: even the half poets know that. Listen to one of them—

We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams . . .
. . . we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation. . . .

The soldier, the king and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

And it is, I suppose, because, to fulfil their destiny, the poets must always be thus "a little apart" that even those among the reading public who have trained themselves to acquire the habit of reading verse (and that habit is the necessary preliminary to the judgment and enjoyment of poetry) are so often will-o'-the-wisp led, mistaking strangeness for genius. The reader of today knows that the poetry of tomorrow must, in the nature of things, be a remote beauty for him; yet he is so eager to enjoy the new vision, to hear the new sound. The trumpets, he knows, will at any moment ring in Judgment day, and the revelation of the glory of God. Is he to lie asleep? And so he gets up sometimes in the middle of the night because the frogs in the pond wake him, and looking out of the window he sees Jack-o'-lantern dancing, and he follows and —bogs. But because it is humiliating to mistake "brek-a-kek-kex" for the song of the sons of the morning, and will-o'-the-wisp for Apollo in his car, in sheer vanity he will swear, until he himself believes it, that Jack-o'-lantern is indeed the rising sun, that a bog is as pleasant as an Elysian field for lying down in, and that the hollow-stalked kingcups are amaranth and immortal, rather than admit that there could possibly be something wrong, with his own ears and eyes. It's natural. But lord, how the reader of the next generation will laugh at him and—do likewise!

Meanwhile the true poet goes on writing, not careful for present fame so long as a few friends enjoy him, knowing the future is his. I think he is to be envied, even though his future is a long way off. Envied? Who is to be envied more? Wasn't it Wolfe who said that he would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than take Quebec? Even when it narrows down to the arts and sciences, wouldn't you rather have written that last four lines of "Helen of Kirkonnell" than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"?

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my love died for me.

No, a poet is never to be pitied, even though he has to wait, like "beastly Skelton" nearly four hundred years for a generation to find a better epithet for him, as it spells out in delight the odd rhymes that it refuses to call doggerel. Yet it is odd that such a piece as "Woffully Araid" should ever have lacked appreciation. Christ is the speaker—

Off sharpe thorne I haue worne a crowne on my hede,
So paynyd, so spraynyd, so rufull, so red; . . .
My fete and handes sore
The sturdy nailis bore;
What might I suffir more
Than I haue don, O man, for thé?
Cum when thou list, wellcum to me,
Woffully araide.

Yet Skelton was not neglected because he was a shy, sheltering dreamer: it was not in Skelton to declare on his deathbed, with Keats's young tragic bitterness, that his name was writ in water. He seems to have been a fighter rather, a thinker for himself, a very English and a very honest man, with a keen sense of humor. He was a clergyman in the days when England was reforming itself, and the story (whether it be literally true or not doesn't much matter) of his address to his congregation on the subject of his own child, illustrates the man's character. Celibacy was still the rule for the clergy in Skelton's day, though the clergyman's housekeeper was a winked-at institution. But Skelton looked on the woman in his house as his true wife, and when scandal-mongering parishioners complained to the bishop, dealt with the matter thus—

Skelton wente into the pulpet to prech, and sayde, *Vos estis*, that is to say, You be. And what be you? sayd Skelton: I saye, that you be knaves. You haue complayned of mee to the bysop that I doo keepe a fayre wench in my house: I dooe tell you, I am a man as you be: you haue foule wyues, and I haue a faire wenche, of the whyche I haue begotten a fayre boye, as I doe thinke, and as you all shall see. Thou wyfe, sayde Skelton, that hast my childe, be not afraid; bring me hither my childe to me: the whyche was doone. And he, shewynge his childe naked to all the parishe, sayde, How saye you, neibours all? is not this childe as fayre as is the beste of all yours? It hathe nose, eyes, handes, and feete, as well as any of your. . . . If I had, sayde Skelton, broughte forthe thys chylde without armes or legges, or that it wer deformed, being a monstruous thyng, I woulde neuev haue blamed you to haue complayned to the bishop of me; but to complain without a cause, I say, as I said before . . . you be, and haue be, and wyll and shall be knaues!

What a scene! And how it warms your heart to abused, forgotten Skelton and his poetry, the sturdy, gaily-patterned stuff, of the earth earthy, yet sprinkled, as good English farm earth is, with innumerable dewdrops and little flowers, alive with pretty birds and shy beasts and busy creeping things. As Robert Graves expresses it for us—

What could be dafter
Than John Skelton's laughter?
What sound more tenderly
Than his pretty poetry? . . .
He struck what Milton missed,
Milling an English grist
With homely turn and twist. . . .
For he will not stop
To sweep nor mop,
To prune nor prop,
But angrily, wittily,
Tenderly, prettily,
Laughingly, learnedly,
Madly, Godly,
Helter-skelter, John
Rhymes serenely on,
As English poets should.
Old John, you do me good!

It is understandable that our age should appreciate Skelton. We belong, as he did, to a time of upheaval and transition, to a generation that has abandoned its fathers' formulas (another word for ideals made flesh), but is too tired in spirit to set itself to the task of forming within itself and putting out of itself new ideals, shaped in the body of words. We leave that to the next generation, leave our ideals to come to birth in their brains rather than in our own. We feel, to change the metaphor, that we have done our share by pulling down certain idols and abominations, by leaving cleared spaces for them to build in. Like David, our war-stained generation is not permitted to set up the Temple. Solomon, the son of peace, will do that. But we are allowed to assemble materials for the son, the builder: and it is that desire to make ready for the builder who shall come afterwards that accounts, I think, for the mass of experimental literature, especially experimental verse, that is being printed if not read today. For craft, tools, materials, these are today's concern—it is idle to pretend that the bulk of this age's verse will live, or does live, on its own account. It reminds one of the *Daily Mail's* flying machine model exhibition of twenty years ago. The models were ingenious, interesting, carefully constructed: some of them even flew a few yards. Everybody went to see them. Then one day someone made a real machine that flew up into the sky, and at once the clever little models were forgotten by all save the writers of the history of flying. That oblivion is bound to be the fate of most of the verse makers of this age when the great poets of tomorrow or the day after come to maturity, although, as Mr. Bottomley says, "as the field of English poetry is more and more thoroughly worked, the possibility of a lasting achievement in it becomes more difficult than ever." Yet—

Heartily know
When half gods go
The gods arrive.

When the gods arrive, and look back to this age of toy models, they will surely smile: and yet it is certai nthat they will look bavk if only for the sake of one or two poets who, being born with wings, have never bothered their heads about the modern craft of æroplane making. There are certain single songs too that we are pretty sure will please them—Baring's "In Memoriam A. S. M.," Squire's "Lily of Malud," "The Bull" of Ralph Hodgson, Trench's "Apollo and the Seaman," Charlotte Mew's "The Farmer's Bride," Robert Bridges's "London Snow," and fifty more. But their main interest will be, if you care to hear my guess, the poems of Thomas Hardy. For if his novels belong already to the august past, his poetry is surely the product, amazingly the product, of our own age. And next to the poems of Thomas Hardy I believe that those remote gods will value a harvest of verse by Gordon Bottomley, now garnered under the title, "Poems of Thirty Years," together with that smaller volume that one hopes will some day be printed containing his collected plays.

For Mr. Bottomley's poems live and will live because under extreme beauty of clothing are living human bodies and in those bodies, souls.

I find myself at the end of my space without having actually quoted from the new volume itself. Perhaps it is as well, for it is characteristic of these pieces that no one can be chosen as typical of them all. The exquisite trifle, "After Moonset," gives no hint of what is to be found in "The Last of Helen": Helen is half a world of beauty away from the mad strength of "Cassandro Prophesies." And yet, if I try to describe the poems to one who has never read them, I always find myself using the same phrase—"They remind you of seagulls in flight!"

Down in Cornwall near the Lizard there is a crag called Gull Rock, that stands, its roots in the dark-blue, sparkling sea, its head obscured by a perpetual snowstorm of sea birds. You lie out on the heather in the strong sunlight listening to the harsh cries that intensify the silence, content to watch by the hour the dazzling white bodies with their bright blue shadows wheeling, balancing, planing, swooping, diving, recovering, so free yet so controlled, so abondoned in seeming to the will of the air, and yet so sure and purposeful in flight. The sight becomes after a while a sort of music to the eye. It is that music which I find again in the poems and the plays of Gordon Bottomley.

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Arthur Christopher Benson, poet, biographer, essayist, and master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, died in London on June 16. The son of Edward White Benson, archibshop of Canterbury, he was the brother of E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," and of Hugh Benson, churchman and novelist. Arthur Benson's own literary output was large and varied, and his activity continued to the end of his life, his latest book having just issued from the press at the time of his death.

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# The Dark City

BRING! BRING! AND OTHER STORIES. By CONRAD AIKEN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

IMAGINE the life of a man of thirty on Beacon Hill: a young man in a boarding house, living on his income. Every afternoon he strolls through Boston Common, where he observes the curious people who sit on park benches and stare at the Frog Pond. He goes to the Harvard Club in the evening for a game of billiards; then walks alone into the dead streets. Boston, the capital of the Puritans, has almost forgotten their faith; perhaps the climate is an explanation, for June nights in this high latitude possess a heavy languor which one associates rather with Venice or Grenada. One makes casual encounters in the night, listens to the metaphysic of a taxi driver; sometimes one visits a dancing club, hidden in streets of bow-front houses. In the summer there is Marblehead or the Cape, where children wade into a gray sea and their elders sit baking on the sand: a life of pure physical sensation . . . Such, geographically, is the background of Conrad Aiken's stories.

Observe that I spoke of "pure physical sensation." His characters are little inclined to thought. They are educated men and women; their conversation is rich in allusions to philosophy and Elizabethan drama—the memories of books they read in college, but they have ceased to meditate or study. Instead they feel and dream. Thought is active; sensation and revery are experienced passively. These leisured gentlefolk, descendants of the Puritans, have lost the religion of bitter effort which drove their ancestors into the wilderness. They never acquired the religion of success which takes its place today. In a word, they are futilitarians. They believe that effort is useless, and yet they have inherited the instinct to assert themselves. They do nothing, examine their souls, and are profoundly unhappy. One of them says:

> It always seems to me that my appearance (say, when shaving—thrusting forward a small lathered chin, or turning back the pink lobe of an ear) has about it something fatuous. Decidedly, there is something weak, a peculiar offensive inelasticity, in my mouth, a wandering shallowness in the eyes, which are also a little too close together.

Another of Aiken's characters proclaims:

> I have become a sort of æsthetic mollusc, permitting entrance into my cool little domain, only to nice little sensations, carefully selected and examined, in minute and exquisitely controlled quantities, nice little dosages.

These people who have done so little to exhaust their energies are of all human beings the most reluctant to abandon their catalogued pleasures and neat sorrows. In their cool little domain there can be only one guest uninvited, one uncontrolled sensation: it is the fear of death. This is the third element; with futility and the search for pure physical sensation, it completes their emotional background.

And the background of these stories, both geographical and emotional, is of major importance, for they have little action. Thus, in "The Last Visit," a young woman goes to see her grandmother, who is dying. "Strange Moonlight" is the story of a little boy who struggles to realize that his playmate is dead. The fatuous bachelor, hero of another story, meets a girl in an omnibus, but is too bashful to pursue the acquaintance. There is also a story about a happy man who rides home at dusk, dreaming about his garden. He has three delightful children. His wife is affectionate and capable. After dinner, when he has finished transplanting his strawberries, he smokes his pipe alone, in the dusk, and has the vision of a dark city:

> Its people are maggots—maggots of perhaps the size of human children; their heads are small and wedge-shaped, and glow with a faint bluish light. . . . It is the universe that they devour; and they build above it, as they devour it, their dark city like a hollow tomb.

It was formerly a habit among critics to make a great deal of the distinction between static and dynamic characters. Aiken's are static almost without exception; in other words they are neither altered nor developed by the events which he describes. Indeed, he chooses these events not because they are decisive (like the action of a Greek tragedy), but because they are typical. They help us to know a man. And in this aim of knowledge, Aiken strips from his characters, layer after layer, the disguise which men assume to protect them from their equals. At the end, we understand his heroes perfectly. They are unhappy, and their most intimate feelings are a desperate futility, a search for pleasant physical sensations, and the fear of death.

The end is a dark city—"like a hollow tomb"—but there are many delightful sensations to be encountered along this mortuary way. Aiken describes them with felicity. "Parting the soft cool soil with his fingers, to thrust them sensitively among the finely filamented roots." "The long street, in the moonlight, was like a deep river, at the bottom of which they walked, making scattered, thin sounds on the stones." "To sit here in the complete night silence, hearing now and then a poplar twig fall on the roof . . ." Sensations like these are such as Epicurus must have enjoyed, sitting alone in his garden.

However, the reported maxims of Epicurus suggest but faintly the intense joys and slow misery which Aiken describes with so much imaginative power. His style has the charm of never being obtrusive; his technique is always a means to expressing emotion, never an end in itself. As for the book itself, it might be called a record of emotion. Perhaps this is merely a fashion of saying that Aiken has not changed. He writes in prose; but in this volume, as in his half-dozen books of verse, he remains essentially a poet.

# Finely-Wrought Fiction

DEATH IN VENICE, AND OTHER STORIES. By THOMAS MANN. Translated by Kenneth Burke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IN these three stories of Thomas Mann, beautifully translated by Mr. Kenneth Burke, the reader will find as remarkable a study of the literary artist as perhaps exists in modern literature. The three stories are entirely independent; they deal with three separate artists-protagonists; but, in the passage from one to another, they acquire a startling interdependence, and each one compliments and illuminates the other two. Whether by accident or intention, "Death in Venice," "Tristan," and "Tonio Kröger"—for so they run—are presented in exactly the right order: "Death in Venice" shows Herr Mann objectively building a flawless story and sustaining it, at once, with vigorous strokes and careful nuances, till its inevitable conclusion; "Tristan," coming next, offers, with faintly comic overtones, a picture rather than an analysis; and "Tonio Kröger," coming last, serves to clarify and humanize, to make external what "Death in Venice" makes internal.

Beneath the restrained, impersonal manner of "Death in Venice," which is the greatest of the three, there lies a form, and for those to whom the tragic can appeal through the mind, a very compelling form, of tragedy. We have, in this study which, never once getting bunched, unrolls itself with masterly evenness, a sense of man's helplessness against his own desires, of man's perdition in the face of circumstance, in the face of apparently minor and illogical circumstance. The consequences of the novelette are poised in the title. To Venice—decadent, impure—comes Gustav Aschenbach, a great writer escaping after years of intense, and at the same time methodical, writing. The city is bad for his health, but its poisonous beauty detains him. He becomes inescapably detained by the charm a beautiful young Polish boy exerts over him; free of his work, Aschenbach proceeds to center all his æsthetic and artistic feeling upon the boy, finally to conceive for him a metaphysical passion. For Tadzio he endures not only the Venetian climate, but a rising epidemic of cholera; remains, when warned to leave and almost the whole foreign colony leaves; stoops to every manner of subterfuge to watch Tadzio, to be near him; and ultimately, on the same day that the boy and his family quit Venice, collapses with cholera, and dies.

With mature and abundant art Herr Mann traces Aschenbach's slow destruction, carries forward his story of the great writer overwhelmed, at the very moment he becomes a "free agent," by the compulsion of an unhealthful beauty. He molds with strong fingers this record of weakening and capitulation which moves so inevitably toward death. Everything, the whole gallery of Venetian life, is tinged by the moribund: the moribund atmosphere of the city, the moribund beauty of the frail Tadzio, destined to die young, the death-bringing excitement within Aschenbach. Aschenbach's fate is so certain, it seems fitting and hardly ironical that the last possible view the man has of Tadzio (for the boy is leaving Venice) should be the half-delirious view he gets as he collapses. This makes for a double finality, and indicates how perfectly ordered "Death in Venice" is, full and spread out, yet sculptural in its economy.

It is the particular felicity of these three stories to prove encompassing and full in their investigation of the artist's nature. It is their special felicity, as three quite separate stories, to show what part of the artist is individual and what pare generic. Yet it is fairer to conclude this review, not by showing how these stories interlock, but by affirming how they rise above even their subject-matter and interdependence, to move and to delight the reader as three finely-wrought pieces of fiction, as three single and separate works of art.

# A Powerful Tale

MONSIEUR RIPOIS AND NEMESIS. Translated from the French of LOUIS HÉMON by WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WILBUR NEEDHAM

I HAVE been called sentimental for never ceasing to lament the early death of Louis Hémon under the wheels of a railroad train in Canada not long after he had finished his masterpiece, "Maria Chapdelaine." One unfeeling person even remarked with cheap cyncism that "accidents will happen." Yet Hémon's demise was a greater loss to the world than that of Anatole France, who was mourned copiously, for M. France was through with his work and Hémon had only just begun.

His earlier books are sufficient proof that "Maria Chapdelaine" was not a *tour de force*. The same steady craftsmanship—a skill in words and construction which is not obvious until you reflect on it—and the same ability to go beneath the surface of things, are apparent in his short stories and in "Blind Man's Buff" and "M. Ripois and Nemesis." The Lake St. John story reached heights denied these others partly because the subject matter was more sympathetic and partly because Hémon's powers were maturing. But if the reader does not care for Mike O'Brady or M. Ripois, he follows them both with interest, and at times even with sorrow. There is little inclination to sympathize with Amédée Ripois, an ex-patriate Frenchman leading a gay sexual life in London, but he and his adventurers are poignant and real, and frequently the reader, if he has ever found himself out of employment and floating around the streets of a big city, will awaken from the spell of the book with a horrible feeling that he *is* M. Ripois. Louis Hémon never fails to treat a story from the point of view of the character, so that we live with M. Ripois rather than merely view his episodes from our own highly moral standpoint. He is not an heroic figure, even in his final sorrow, but he lives, and that is all we can ask of any fiction figure.

* * *

We are introduced to the jaunty little Frenchman as he emerges from a restaurant of an evening and inspects the London life rolling and walking past, especially the feminine part of it. Having rid himself of a mistress who is boring him, M. Ripois sallies forth after working hours and on Sundays in search of women. The first girl he encounters is out of work, and she is easy prey. He has no intention of sacrificing his liberty, however, and when he finds another victim he refuses even to feed the starving child he has first ensnared, and from the comparatively respectable status of being one man's quasi-mistress, Winifred falls quickly to the streets. The second girl he promises marriage, weaving a tale of a fortune soon to come in order to delay the announcement to the girl's parents; having achieved his satisfaction, M. Ripois vacates his room and disappears. But now an unexpected halt is placed upon his amorous adventures. He loses his job. Not being fitted for anything, even the job he held so long, he is unable to find work, and soon he is on the streets and starving. Here we come upon an incident unusual in fiction: he is taken up by a prostitute he had set out to rob. From this easy life, he is once more thrown out by the arrest of Marcelle. Departing for a suburb of London with his mistress's money, M. Ripois sets himself up as a teacher of French, assuming the sonorous name of M. Raoul

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Cadet-Chenonceaux; and here he enters upon his final and most distressing love affair.

The temptation at this point to have M. Ripois meet his Nemesis at the hands of the police, by a plunge into a river, or by reforming and living happily ever after would be strong to the average writer of fiction. Louis Hémon, however, is concerned with life; and at the end, after suffering the greatest remorse such a nature as his could produce, with a love in his heart that comes even to his kind at rare intervals, M. Ripois goes on—more cautiously, perhaps, but quite as selfishly as before.

It is a powerful tale, told without melodrama or sticky sentiment, and in the fine translation Mr. Bradley has given it, the story moves without a pause in its interest. The nature of the thing offered opportunities to be either pornographic or suggestive, but Hémon is neither. The narrative is simple and straightforward, without any sniggering behind the scenes and without a single bit of ostentatious vulgarity.

# Who Killed Marlowe?

THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By J. Leslie Hotson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by Tucker Brooke,
Yale University

IT is a pretty and enviable thing to make a discovery such as Dr. Hotson here announces concerning the death of Marlowe. For all the demure taste of the brown buckram binding and neat fastidiousness of paper and type, the little book evokes some very romantic thrills; and Dr. Hotson's modest scholarly precision detracts nothing from the inherent excitement of the tale he has to unfold.

His tale recounts how the chance finding of a name previously quite unknown in literature or history—the name of a certain Ingram Frizer—in an unimportant document recording the transfer of a piece of property gave the author a "presentiment." The presentiment led, after much search in the Public Record Office, to a clue which had been missed by all previous investigators, and the clue ultimately produced an irrefragable and practically complete series of legal documents establishing in great detail the facts (a) that Marlowe was stabbed to death by Ingram Frizer in an inn at Deptford on the evening of May 30, 1593, in the presence of two companions, Nicholas Skeres and Robert Poley; and (b) that Frizer four weeks later received a free pardon for the deed, based upon the evidence of the two eye-witnesses that he had acted in self-defence.

* * *

Most researchers, with such precious quarry in their hands, would have hastened to publish, but Dr. Hotson proceeded to mop up the adjacent territory with a thoroughness that cannot be overpraised. That is, he devoted laborious days to tracing the unedifying careers of the *dramatis personæ* in the Marlowe tragedy—Frizer, Poley, and Skeres; and he unearthed another new fact about Marlowe himself which has a relevance in this connection; namely that the poet, as early as 1587, had been doing the Privy Council acceptable service as a political agent, and had been specially commended by that all powerful body to the Cambridge authorities, what time Kit's M. A. degree was hanging in the balance. The book, therefore, is an important contribution to knowledge in the truest meaning of that usually abused term; it completes a chapter of biographical speculation that began a hundred and five years ago, when the record of the poet's burial at Deptford was first announced and his slayer's name misread as "Francis Archer."

One grateful service to Marlowe's memory is certainly rendered by the documents which Dr. Hotson has discovered. They drop the bottom out of certain nauseous fictional reconstructions of his last days. The "lewd love" theory which Francis Meres injected as a factor in his death, and which hangs like a pestilence over most modern narratives of the event, must probably now give place to motives more consonant with the temper of the author of "Tamburlaine." Clearly there was no woman in the case. If we take at its full face value the new evidence, as the coroner and his jury apparently did, Marlowe died in a dispute with his comrades over the payment of a tavern reckoning, which after all, though a possible, is a tame ending for the man who wrote of Tamburlaine and Barrabas, and whom Kyd censured for having a cruel heart and attempting sudden, privy injuries to men.

It commonly happens that the clearing up of one mystery in human affairs discloses the existence of a subtler and more engaging mystery beneath. Dr. Hotson inclines to accept the hypothesis that the new legal documents give us the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Marlowe's taking-off; but he does not fail to recognize the modern student's right to doubt the complete veracity of the story which Frizer, Poley, and Skeres told the coroner's jury. There are, in fact, some strange things about this story, as several correspondents have pointed out in the London *Times*. The queerness of Marlowe's alleged attack upon Frizer with the latter's dagger, from a recumbent position and from behind, the failure of Poley and Skeres to intervene, the absence of other witnesses and bad character of all three survivors, suggest a question whether the poet's death was the entire accident that it was represented and whether it was the work of one man or of three. When one remembers that Marlowe had for ten days past been under command to give his daily attendance upon his old employers of the Privy Council, that Poley and Skeres were also government agents, and Skeres and Frizer closely associated in various questionable schemes, one is tempted to speculate on the nature of that long colloquy which began at ten o'clock in the morning and ended at night with the death of the only member of the party whom posterity would not willingly have let die.

# Varieties of the Essay

LIKE SUMMER'S CLOUD. By Charles S. Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.50.

CHAUCER'S NUNS. By Sister M. Madeleva. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $1.50.

THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE. By L. P. Jacks. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $1.25.

DR. STIGGINS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925.

Reviewed by Lloyd Morris

THE credentials of the essayist lie, of necessity, in the quality of his mind and personality. A book of essays is an invitation to listen to a soliloquy, and should offer hostages against *ennui*. Is the essayist's mind sufficiently rich, glowing, subtle to make intimate association with it stimulating? Does incandescence result from the play of his temperament and personality upon experience? If so, his book is a delight to the reader; if not, it is likely to be only an impertinence. In this matter there are no degrees of success; there is only excellence and its opposite, though of excellence there are many varieties.

Of the varieties of excellence one, at least, is achieved by Mr. Brooks. His medium is the least definite and most exacting of forms, the casual and explicitly personal essay. In it, form is dictated by mood and attitude rather than by subject. It is a vehicle admirably adapted to the expression of temperament, for it assumes that the true delights of meditation are to be found in the exercise and not the fruits. Hence, in the familiar essay ideas are of secondary importance, the essential being a habit of mind which illuminates life in the act of perception rather than in the expression of conclusions. It exacts insight, but can afford to dispense with logic. In this medium Mr. Brooks works with facility, practicing gracefully the civilized art of random reflection. "A man of moderate ingenuity," he remarks, "has but to cast about in nearest circumstances to find matter for his thought." His pages, like good conversation, have an effect of artless spontaneity. But this effect, as Mr. Brooks admits and as the shrewd reader inevitably discovers, is gained only by the exercise of conscious craft. It is the consequence of careful selection and studied expression, for, to quote him again, "half-cooked pork is not so raw as a book that has not simmered in the brain." And his topics, deceptively suggesting mere casual discovery, are actually chosen with a calculating view to their yield in meditation. Appropriately, their range is wide; Mr. Brooks extracts suggestion from materials as diverse as the movies, bicycling, modern music, the advertising literature of travel agencies, amateur acting, Biblical legend, and the American city. With these as springboards, his fancy wanders serenely. The tangible charm of his essays is to be found not in his ideas, but in the temper of his mind—urbane, witty, incisive, provocative—and in his command of a style as polished as it is precise. Both express a temperament and personality with which intercourse is definitely pleasurable.

* * *

The essays of Sister M. Madeleva are studies in criticism; ideas are her concern and ours, for she brings scholarship and artistic wisdom to the service of literary interpretation. The most interesting, as probably the most important, of her five essays deals with the Nuns of the Canterbury Tales. To the elucidation of their characters her intimate knowledge of the religious life contributes unquestionable authority as well as sympathetic insight. But her essay is an addition to scholarship as well, since it undertakes the study of the Nuns in relation to their rule, customs, office, and the background of their community, and clears up a number of the debatable points by which criticism has hitherto been perplexed.

* * *

The volume of Principal Jacks and Mr. Machen bring conflicting points of view to bear upon certain general aspects of modern life and civilization. "The Challenge of Life" contains the Hibbert Lectures for last year now recast as three essays which express a criticism and adumbrate a philosophy. Looking at the trend of modern life, Dr. Jacks finds that the idea of progress has come to be identified with the idea that existence must be made easy. To him the possibility of an existence without hardship and without difficulty is essentially repugnant, human virtue and spiritual worth being, in his opinion, conditioned by an incessant conflict with obstacles. Therefore he pleads for an attitude toward experience which shall recognize the moral worth of a conviction that, in Cromwell's words, "we are upon an engagement very difficult." A Greek philosopher might discomfort him by suggesting that difficulties are obstacles to be met and overcome, but certainly not to be called good, since to praise the obstacle for its mere existence is surely to abdicate our intelligence. But since rational contemplation of the universe is no longer philosophically fashionable, Dr. Jacks is likely to be credited with the statement of a philosophy of courage and energy. Yet to ascribe spiritual dignity to the manifest imperfections of life is a mournful paradox which a realistic intelligence would probably repudiate.

Mr. Machen's "Dr. Stiggins," originally published eighteen years ago and long out of print, is now reissued with a new introduction. Under a thin armor of satire, Mr. Machen inveighs against those aspects of modern life which he happens to dislike. He conducts his indictment indirectly, by setting up a sanctimonious and hypocritical Non-Conformist to undertake their defense. The result is, unfortunately, tedious, depressing, and unflaggingly dull. Republication of these papers can add nothing to Mr. Machen's literary reputation or to the enjoyment of readers.

The Benson medals of the Royal Society of Literature have been awarded to Gordon Bottomley and George Santayana in recognition of their eminent services to literature. Professor Santayana is the author of "The Life of Reason," "Character and Opinion in the United States," and other works.

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# The Odyssey of Mormonism

BRIGHAM YOUNG. By M. R. WERNER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

TO all except a half-dozen readers whose studies may have acquainted them with America's most peculiar heresy, Mr. Werner's life of Brigham Young will bring almost as much amazement as delight. For in attempting the first contemporary history of Mormonism, the author of "Barnum" has struck a vein incomparably richer than even that splendid biography afforded him. The odyssey of Joseph Smith's cult of many gods and many wives, unique as it is in some respects, is an epitome of its time and comprehends more of adventure and romance, more of heroism, tragedy, and farce, than anything else in American history.

Mr. Werner's adventure repays him well. No more brilliant biography has appeared on this side of the Atlantic in our generation. The pageant of ignorance, bigotry, tyranny, and superstition, sometimes ennobled by fortitude under persecution, sometimes a caricature of megalomania, responding variously to the highest and the lowest motives of humanity—such a story loses nothing in Mr. Werner's telling. Realizing that the comedy of Mormonism outweighs all other elements, he makes it the dominant note of his book and brings to it a deftness and subtlety that were sometimes lacking in his "Barnum." But he does not neglect the other aspects of the odyssey. His book will set the entire nation laughing; it ought, as well, to deepen the national sense of our past. The Pulitzer committee's work has been done, so far as biography is concerned. The year is not likely to see two books of such merit.

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The historian of Mormonism must solve exceedingly difficult problems of source and text. Mr. Werner's decision to stand on Mormon sources seems to me to lead him into occasional blind alleys. It leads him to give Joseph Smith credit for writing the Book of Mormon and so forces him into the theory that Joseph's adolescent religiosity, which in fact was over five years before the Book of Mormon was written, was responsible for it. Nothing in Joseph's authenticated writings suggests that he had enough imagination for the gold bible's historical passages or enough exegetical knowledge for its doctrines. Neither Mr. Werner's nor Professor Riley's analysis can explain the mystery of its authorship. That mystery will never be cleared up, but the theory that attributes it to Solomon Spalding, dubiously as Mr. Werner views it, has never been overthrown. Then, too, Mr. Werner underrates the importance of Sidney Rigdon. It is true that but for Brigham Young there would be no Mormon church today; it is equally true that but for Rigdon there never would have been one. Mormon sources are more dependable after the exodus but they sometimes need more supplementing than Mr. Werner gives them. His comprehensive denunciation of the officials Werner sent to Utah from Washington is unjust. Many of these men were scoundrels and more were fools, but some were extraordinarily well fitted for their work. Without such men as Waite, Drake, Harding, and the slandered McKean, for instance, the freeing of Utah would have been far more difficult.

Necessarily, since the audience for which it is intended is so ignorant of Mormonism, Mr. Werner's book becomes a history of the church rather than a biography of its Moses. Oven two hundred pages are used up before Brigham leads his people across the Mississippi. And as Joseph Smith is the hero of the first half, polygamy is the focus of the rest. As a result the figure of Brigham shrinks somewhat and Mr. Werner does not quite show cause for the declaration in his preface that Brigham was one of the great men of the century. He gives us the profane and occasionally obscene preacher and the courageous leader; he does not give us the organizing genius of the theomorphic czar who established an empire in the name of God, waged war against the United States, and won every struggle he had ever entered upon. There is a truer picture in ex-Senator Cannon's "Brigham Young and His Mormon Empire."

Nor does Mr. Werner quite touch bottom in the Mormon mind. No one can who has not lived in Utah, as Mormon or Gentile, for the better part of a lifetime. He adopts the Mormon explanation of disputed matters far oftener than the facts justify, he is always sympathetic with the people (so much so that he condones the Mountain Meadows massacre), and yet he misses the splendor of ignorance and faith that carried them across the continent to build a commonwealth in the desert. And, what is more vital, he misses the central paradox of the Mormons, without an understanding of which any account of them must be faulty. He misses, that is, the arrogance of a chosen people which for ninety-five years has kept the church in conflict with its neighbors, and he misses the servility which has made them docile victims of a hierarchy once priestly but now financial. He misses, finally, the secret of the church's endurance, the interpenetration of religious energy with economic effort. And, in devoting so much space to polygamy, he repeats the mistake of innumerable predecessors. Polygamy is spectacular, but it was never the central doctrine of the church and, whatever the general interest in the subject, a study grounded on it cannot explain Mormonism.

So that, rich as Mr. Werner's harvest is, the field is not exhausted. Utah and the Mormons, more attractive for his interpretation, promise still further literature. Here the immigrant swineherd lightens his toil with the reflection that presently he will be a god and will create worlds and universes for his myriad sons to rule as kings. Bishops in whom

The Mormon Problem Solved

Brigham—"I must submit to your laws—but what shall I do with all these?"

U. S. Grant—"Do as I do—give them offices."

From a contemporary cartoon. Reproduced in "Brigham Young," by M. R. Werner (Harcourt, Brace).

desire has long since failed marry by temple ordinances all the great courtesans of history and await their embraces with a certainty not rheumatism nor advancing age can dull. And three-quarters of a million people, in a religious faith without parallel, obey a priesthood whose associates are the trust-magnates of the nation, and gather twice a year to hear a Chamber of Commerce god speak through the lips of a tobacco-chewing prophet whose grammar, though superior to Brigham's, was molded by the baseball field which thirty years ago knew him oftener than the temple. Here is enough comedy for any philosopher and enough tragedy for any poet.

But though it does not exhaust the literary possibilities of Mormonism, "Brigham Young" is a brilliant book and one that will have a uniquely permanent place in American letters. Only those who are best acquainted with the difficulties Mr. Werner faced can fully appreciate the success with which he has overcome them. Ten years of studying Mormonism prompt my unqualified respect and admiration for this book.

# Anatole France in Slippers

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF: A Boswellian Record. By His Secretary Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by JOHN POLLOCK. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1925. $5.00.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

WITH some of its verbal vivacities modified to suit the chaster ears of English-speaking readers, this is the famous "Anatole France en Pantouffles," which his former secretary Brousson published in France in the early months of last winter. The fame of the book is such that it has become a best-seller in the original and is the cherished possession of all the Master's devotees at home and abroad, so much so, that one feels somewhat embarrassed in coming back to it in English as though it were a novelty. However, just as there are thousands who read Anatole France in English, there is presumably a public waiting patiently for his Boswell's account of him, and one cannot do better than to say one envies them, and to pledge oneself that they will not be disappointed.

Including even Boswell's "Life of Johnson," I know of no record of a great author which is more vivid, more entertaining, and more helpful in the light it throws upon the author's personality and writings than this volume of M. Brousson's. He presents to us the only possible person who could have written "Thaïs," "Sur la Pierre Blanche," the four volumes of "L'Histoire Contemporaine," "L'Histoire Comique" and "Les Dieux ont Soif;" or "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," "L'Ile des Pingouins," "Le Petit Pierre" and "Le Lys Rouge"—for whatever grouping one may select, the result will be precisely that diversity and similarity in the same man which comes out so clearly in M. Brousson's account of Anatole France. If he were the creator of only one of these types of literature, we should admire him, but we admire him more because he has created and combined types of fiction usually dissociated. He can describe lovely, sensual women with the same appreciative understanding as he shows for first editions and old curios; an amorous intrigue interests him as much as the ironies of revolutionary history or the mean intrigues of modern politicians.

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In earnest circles where France was once esteemed as an ardent radical, this dual character of his was the cause of some squirming. It seemed unfitting that a man who laughed at the army and attacked capitalism should linger with such evident pleasure over the weaknesses of the flesh. M. Bergeret was all right, but the Abbé Coignard was a reprehensible fellow who brought discredit on the movement. The Anatole France of Brousson is just that combination, and I confess to having been greatly relieved when this fact which might be guessed was proven by the narrative of a keen observer with the opportunities of many years of intimacy to substantiate the details. Anatole France was a delightful, irresistible, and very wicked man, judged according to puritan standards. He took a girl to the Bois de Boulogne and her red petticoat would have got him into trouble, had it not been that his visiting card inspired the guardian of the law with the respect due to an Academician. Freudians will search these pages in vain for evidence of repressions; Anatole France had no sexual inhibitions.

Exceedingly interesting, also, are the facts related about his manner of working. He was a reluctant writer, and his most important corrections were made on his proofs, which numbered as many as eight sets. He would copy a passage from some reference book, send it to the printer, and then proceed to give it his own imprint, by dint of clipping and pruning, suppressing adjectives and rearranging sentences which he cut out and pasted back in the order desired. M. Brousson quotes a passage used in "Jeanne d'Arc" as originally published and as it finally emerged from Anatole France's manipulations. In view of the ink that has been wasted by pedants on the subject of his plagiarisms, this information not only explains their discoveries but justifies the victim of their criticisms, for the revisions are miracles of subtlety, which only a consummate master of the French language could effect.

As might be imagined, all manifestations of the Protestant mentality amused Anatole France enormously. He agreed, for instance, with Gordon Bennett to write a story for the Easter number of

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the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. The price was 1500 francs, and "it was easy money. From 'Sur la Pierre Blanche' I took the episode of Gallion and Saint Paul and sent it to the *New York Herald*. That, my friend, is what is known as killing two birds with one stone." In the course of time a messenger arrived with a checque, saying that Gordon Bennett had decided to keep the story for himself, that he would have it illustrated and bound for his own library. Anatole France was then asked to write another story for publication at the same price, but he was specially requested not to "speak harshly of Saint Paul, for American readers do not like to hear Saint Paul abused. If you like, make fun of the other apostles, of Saint Joseph, of the Holy Virgin, of the popes, of all the saints in Paradise, but not a word against Saint Paul! It would drive our readers away."

Whether he is discussing love or Napoleon, his remarks are equally heterodox from the conventional standpoint. "Bathing and hygiene are the only morality of love. You are not, I imagine, one of those sour-faced ascetics who kiss persons of the opposite sex gingerly on the cheeks . . . The face is all right for parents, friends, husbands, children . . . Lovers are entitled to something more, to first editions, so to speak." Napoleon was

a sick clown. His father and grandfather died of cancer. . . . and he inherited this disease, a fact which made people with poetic pretensions compare him to Prometheus being devoured by the vulture. This great man was not a man, or barely so. . . . Like Rousseau's, his genius came *from his infirmity*. The doctor who made the autopsy, before he was embalmed, has left us in no doubt on this score. When he was undressed, the Emperor's body looked feminine. It was plump and soft, and the breasts were more developed than is normal. . . . If the son of Laetitia Ramolino turned the world upside down and made blood flow like rain from heaven, it was because he was impotent.

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Extracts cannot do justice to a book of this kind, for the essence of its charm is an atmosphere which is at once evoked and is maintained throughout, an atmosphere in which this malicious, lewd, witty, refined mind plays incessantly upon all sorts of topics. At the same time, there is a picture of a rather helpless man of letters, utterly impractical and absolutely dependent upon his old servant, his secretary, and the devotion of his Egeria who, if she precipitated him into the Dreyfus Affair—her maiden name being Lippmann—also set him to work upon the great series of books, from "Thaïs" onwards, which are his bid for immortality. M. Brousson will send many readers back to those volumes, and bring many new ones to them. He has drawn a full-length portrait worthy of his subject and as delightful.

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Lieutenant Colonel Charles Repington, whose work as a military publicist during the war brought him prominently to public notice, and whose memoirs published after it had a *succès de scandale* after the fashion of that of Margot Asquith's diary, died recently in England. Colonel Repington saw active service in several wars and over a long period of time held the respectful attention of his countrymen as a military critic.

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Pierre Louys, whose principal work, "Aphrodite," is said to have had the greatest circulation ever reached in France by the work of a living author—300,000 copies—died recently in Paris. Louys was a bibliophile, a composer of sorts, was versed in etching and painting, was an authority on Persian cats, and his Greek, Egyptian and Japanese collections were the envy of other amateurs.

Despite this versatility of interest Louys was a prolific writer. His "Aphrodite" was widely translated and 10 dramas and two operas were written from this work.

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"A campaign has just been opened (says the *Manchester Guardian*) for obtaining £500,000 to raise the status of University College, Southampton, to that of a university to be known as The University of Wessex. That the name of the University should be 'Wessex' will strike more than Mr. Thomas Hardy 'as being almost a necessity,' for it is from his genius that the old name has gained a new popularity and a new renown. By the proposal immediately to found a Chair of English Literature and to call it by the name of Thomas Hardy, the University College of Southampton will probably pay what is a unique honour to an Englishman of letters, and by allowing his name to be associated with the Chair, Mr. Hardy will confer a dignity on the new university which will give it at once a position of national distinction."

# American Civilization

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT, AN INQUIRY INTO AMERICAN LIFE. By ROLLO WALTER BROWN. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON
Harvard University

EVERYWHERE in America today the creative spirit flags, in religion, in industry, in science, in art, in personal life. Very few of us, caught in the ugly machine of modern civilization, ever feel the thrill of creation, "the godlike joy of modifying the universe in some small way." Creation is either curbed and crushed by the monotony of machine labor, as among the industrial classes, or smothered, not disagreeably, by prosperity and full-feeding, as among the upper middle classes. Only a small group, the cultivated idealists, who have escaped the stereotyped, mechanized life which is the lot of the worker and the prosperous employer alike, succeed in satisfying the need which is deepest in man, the instinct to create. To view life from a new angle, to "take it apart and put it together in new arrangements, so that the whole may be infinitely more significant than the sum of its parts," is the aim of the creator. But in America creation has given way to stifling satisfaction with things as they are, on the one hand, and to revolt backed by an inheritance of hatred and suspicion, on the other.

This is the burden of Mr. Brown's "Inquiry into American Life." And yet the book is not pessimistic. Mr. Brown himself writes with the creative spirit and sees many signs of hope on the American horizon. He believes that "if all of the creative intelligence that we do possess were released so that it might go to work, we could transform the world into something intelligible and beautiful, and we could encourage the human spirit to be less hateful and ugly than it now is."

The author decries the noisy "just meat" philosophers of the day, the behaviorists, the Freudians, the mechanists, who have left on the popular imagination the impression that a human being is "just so much meat, and pretty coarse meat at that." He views human nature broadly and not through the eyes of the technical psychologist or the doctrinaire. The church, he finds, has run to doctrine and dogma, to a certain professionalism which discourages the man who seeks personal counsel and strength in religion. On questions of social justice the church trims and wobbles. Jesus himself would be a stranger to most practicing Christians if he came, unheralded, to a modern Sunday service. The church has forgotten the pioneering spirit of its prophet and founder. And the colleges, so far as intellectual pioneering goes, are no better off than the church. Mark Hopkins defined a university as a great teacher sitting on one end of a log and a student on the other. The log, Mr. Brown remarks, has become more important than either the teacher or the student. Numbers, organization, committees, stenographers, over-worked young assistants, vast classes shouted at by busy professors—this is an American university. No wonder the spirit of intellectual adventure is lost! The student grows indifferent and turns to sport and social frittering; the idealistic young teacher contracts a bad case of the academic mind. "It is doubtful," declares the author, "whether there is another place on earth where a young man may experience such absolute isolation as in an institution of learning which has grown beyond its capacity to afford personal friendliness between teachers and students."

It is in industry, however, that one finds the most alarming repression of the spirit of creation. Mr. Brown asks if industry helps a man to "that high self-respect and soothing peace which come from feeling that some little portion of the world's interest emanates from him?" And his answer is to picture the deadening life of machine-tending with its relentless elimination of even the simplest free motions and thoughts on the part of the worker. He shows us the typical factory town with its rows of identical model houses; the cheerless workers' Y. M. C. A.; the impersonal social-service and humanitarianism of the community, often instituted by the employer "that the men themselves shall first of all be happy and healthy, and that they shall thus be able to operate the machines with good spirit and efficiency." In the background is the worker's mind, filled with an inherited grudge, with the memory of a father and a grandfather, a whole race of men, who have known no other life than labor at a machine. The result is revolt. And there is no easy remedy. Mr. Brown does not advocate any brand of socialism; we can not turn back to an older agricultural or guild community. But industry must be so altered that it opens channels of creative expression for the industrial population, if not in their labor, at least in their free hours. Mr. Brown mentions approvingly Benjamin Franklin's vision of a three-hour day.

Two of the final chapters of the book deal with science and art. Though science in itself is a high form of creation, the scientific man too often withdraws behind his technique to scoff at the public, and the public is left both wondering at and fearing the results of the scientist's researches. The scientist has been, more frequently than not, a materialist laughing down all mention of the spiritual, the emotional, the religious life. Science must come out of its shell, must grow more genuinely philosophical, and must show that it is not at war with the creative life in the broadest sense of the term. Art in somewhat the same way as science has withdrawn within itself, following either "the cult of degradation" or indulging in "the museum habit of mind." Thus works of art either depict the sordid and call it "life," and so estrange the healthy-minded, or they are raised on pedestals, made mysterious and esoteric, placed in museums to be stared at but not understood or loved. In America Mr. Brown sees two arts which give promise of coming into concrete touch with common life, architecture and the drama. In the sky-scraper and in our modern domestic architecture a truly American spirit of creation is getting embodied; while the study and production of plays in American colleges and in community theatres has become a genuinely native artistic effort.

No ready solutions of the problems considered in this book can be offered, either by the author or by any other student of contemporary society. But it is important to feel the problems keenly. This is the first step in their solution. And this, more than anything else, is what the book does: it displays in a simple and impressive manner the shortcomings of a civilization which is too apt to pat itself on the back and be utterly content.

# The Human Bible

HUMAN NATURE AND THE GOSPEL. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by the Reverend H. A. STIMSON

PROFESSOR PHELPS is such a master of literature, with a knowledge so ample, a scholarship so accurate, a judgment so kindly and so sane, a taste so infallible, and a style so attractive, that it is not necessary to add that he is a voluminous author, and to those who know him a charming and lovable personality, to justify taking up a new book by him with the assurance that it will be a pleasure to read it, and that there will be nothing to criticize. When the theme of his book is the New Testament with its story of Jesus Christ and he is going to deal with it in its relation to human nature, especially as Jesus represents and deals with it, one can be safely confident that here you have a book lifted far out of the turbulent and often turbid stream of the books of today, and that you also have Professor Phelps at his best.

He has done something of the same kind before in his book on the Old Testament, and those who have read that know what to expect, and need only to be informed of the new volume. We are not to be halted by reference to Commentaries, or by questions of scholarship or natural science. Valuable as these may be they are left to the rightful authorities. Here is a man delighted to deal with "the literary masterpiece of all time," and a follower of Jesus Christ so joyous in his faith that he is content to be absorbed in the simple narratives of the Gospels and hastens on till he can attach himself, for what he feels most deeply and most wants to say, to the Gospel of John, because that could only come from "the beloved disciple," who, alone of those to whom Jesus brought light, life and love, knew that the greatest of these is love, for "God is love."

He begins with "The First Christmas." Where else is there "such a dignity of simplicity," such "mystical beauty in language"? He devotes himself to the familiar narratives and is attached at once to Luke, who was a physician and "a clear-minded man, as all physicians should be, and an absolute

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master of prose style." Admirable doctors have illustrated the union of science and literature, but none of them has succeeded in writing "anything comparable to the parable of the Prodigal Son."

Finding the New Testament, with all its tragedy, a book of joy, cheerfulness, and delight, he takes up the story of the Virgin Birth. He has no place for the questions that afflict the average man. Every detail appeals to him: the salutation of the angel, the "exceedingly beautiful" reply of Mary, the charming interview with Elizabeth, "the sublimity" of the scene and the "magnificent song of praise to God" which followed, are all as they should be. He evidently has in mind Rossetti's picture of the Annunciation, and quotes Christina Rossetti's Christmas Carol and Phillips Brooks's "Little Town of Bethlehem."

We recall Horace Buchnell's saying that if the Virgin Birth had not been what it was, we should have wanted to have it so; and our author sums it up thus: "If Jesus is unique, unlike any other person, it is not illogical to believe that his birth was unique; but if Jesus were simply a good man, then the Christian religion—as a religion—loses its foundation."

But why follow him further? We have here a clear-minded, sound-hearted, joyous believer reading the Gospels anew and seeking to share with us the new truths that open to his responsive heart, until he comes to Paul, the master interpreter of the Christian centuries, and John, the only man who could have opened for all the innermost mind and heart of Jesus, for he lay upon his breast, and whom beyond all "Jesus loved." The last chapter deals fittingly with John's "love letters." He sees as John saw that God and Love are identical. "The motor of the universe is Love." He concludes, "To those to whom the essence of religion is something more than a guidebook, who wish a foundation for life as well as for conduct, the Gospel of John is at once the most profound and the most lofty of all the books in the world." Much remains to be said, but one must read the volume for himself.

## Yesterday in the Theatre

MYSELF AND OTHERS. By JESSIE MILLWARD (in collaboration with J. B. BOOTH). Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

TO all veteran theatregoers, on either side of the Atlantic, this book will be a delight, not so much for the absolute novelty or value of its content—it deals with matter of frequent record and is not rich in artistic reflection—but because of the pleasant memories it recalls of literary, managerial, and histrionic personages prominent in the dramatic world during the closing decades of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth century, and the revelation it affords of a very charming, breezy, capable, and loyal feminine character. The fact that the tale has an undeniable freshness, in spite of the familiarity of its detail, reflects credit upon its joint authors, and it is certain that the lady is entitled to a considerable share of it.

Jessie Millward, one of the most thoroughly accomplished actresses of her time, as well as one of the most popular, just failed to win the highest distinction in her profession because fate decreed that her greatest successes should be in plays which, artistically, were only of secondary importance. The daughter of Charles Millward, a journalist and author of good repute, she was almost from infancy reared in a literary and theatrical environment. Clever young artists, writers, and stage folk of both sexes constituted a cheerful Bohemian circle, in which she seems to have been a prime favorite. She lived in an atmosphere of jest, quip, song, recitation, and press and footlight anecdote, and before long we find her engaged in private theatricals and winning early praise, from good judges, for her skilful management of the spoken word.

But it was in association with Terriss, one of the ablest and most popular of stage heroes, that she established herself as a reigning favorite in a long series of Adelphi melodramas. She had beauty, fire, intelligence, address, perfect knowledge of stage technique, and a resonant, musical, and crisp and finished diction, such as now is rarely heard upon the stage. In modern romance, comedy, and melodrama she was brilliantly effective, and her versatility is attested by the long list of her triumphs on both sides of the Atlantic.

## The Bowling Green

### Floating Particles

AMONG the floating particles of awareness that fill the mind, the airy jostle of intentions that does not exactly seem *in* one's head but subtly transpiring from it, are many motes of purpose that one knows to be insignificant but must be attended to; while the matters really important (important to the secret ruthless ember) can always be postponed. There is, there must be, some virtue, something beyond mere sluggish cowardice, in the instinct to delay. There are intuitions and realities so tender that one trembles to put words to them. We know ourselves living in a medium for which we are usually inadequate; our specific gravity is too great for the fluid in which we swim. Think how agile even the Aileen Riggins and Johnny Weismullers would have to be to trudgen in a tank of alcohol. Such is the work of the mind, and it knows no fable more excellently veracious than that of the Fall of Man. Somehow, somewhere, we were inoculated with inadequacy; in the thin liquid of life we founder.

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In this corruption of disregarded intuitions one knows beyond argument what is really vital. I once saw in a bookseller's list a mention of "Mansoul, or The Riddle of the World," by Charles M. Doughty (the author of "Travels in Arabia Deserta"). There was nothing to prevent me from writing for a copy (I don't believe it was very expensive) except the inward conviction that this book was so important to me that it would reach me in its own time. In the same way I had for years noticed "Sirenica" (by "W. Compton Leith," which is a pseudonym) listed in Mr. Mosher's catalogue; I felt that it and I would eventually meet and mingle; we did, and now I am astonished that the delightful Miss Flora MacDonald Lamb, who carries on Mr. Mosher's business in Portland, still has about 150 copies of this divinely melancholy book. 450 copies were printed in October, 1915; that is to say, 300 people in ten years have had the excitement of reading this modern who speaks almost with the voice of Sir Thomas Browne. The rest are postponing, just as I am postponing "Mansoul" (of which, if I remember, only 500 copies were published).

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I don't know how it is with you, but I feel an impulse every now and then of personal responsibility towards the books that are likely to get overlooked. The same sentiment is avowed in some words uttered by the Oxford Press about a new little series it is publishing ("The Oxford Miscellany"). "This Series offers books or collections of minor compass, some of obvious importance, some recommended for pleasant reading by the affectionate insistence of their admirers." The "affectionate insistence of their admirers" is the only way that most books ever reach the people for whom they were written. It was like Oxford to hit upon that happy phrase. There is a kind of decency, integrity, an air of reputable proofreading and spirited editorship, that exhales from every book ever issued by the Oxford Press. Even when it irritates you by a certain stiffness of tradition (as for example some of the Oxford books of syntax or lexicography in their comments on "Americanisms") you will find plenty to admire. I will go so far as this: that if a man should resolve, to simplify the taint of life, that he would read only the books of one single publisher and no others whatever, the sole imprint to which he could confine himself and still remain a happy and serviceable creature would be that of Oxford University Press.

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It really is odd to observe how the things that seem important come to one in such fugitive and haphazard ways. One day I found in the mail a leaflet called *Mental Health*, published monthly by the Mental Hygiene Society of Maryland. It has been coming to me monthly for a couple of years, and though I have learned to be wary of unsolicited second-class mail it has never been accompanied by any sort of request, appeal, advertisement, proselytism, or blurb. I have learned to rely on it now every month for at least one humane, sagacious, penetrating, and scientifically disillusioned essay on the mind's private behaviors. In this month's issue, for example, I find the medical man's notions about "prohibition," the reasons why (says *Mental Health*) it is not a success and never will be. The article goes on to say:—

> People who try to prove anything are necessarily a bore, and a bore never helped anybody but himself. That is what a bore is out for—the satisfaction for himself that is derived through the penalty he imposes on other people through the contrasts he implies between himself and other people in his very effort to help them. Poets and children are never bores. That is because they never try to help anybody.

This extract may seem a little cruel lifted from its context; but what I like about *Mental Health* is that it has, apparently, no axe to grind; it merely speculates, in a pleasantly pro-and-con fashion, on the interior tensions of the mind. It could be counted on to dismay a certain number of the people who don't read it; if they were to read it; which is why I mention it, as being dismayed is a specially American amusement. This country, more than any other, is intellectually inclined, for it realizes that thinking is dangerous and is agitated by random speculation. The sort of thing that dismays me is quite different. I am dismayed and prostrated when Mayor Hylan christens a beautiful new ferry-boat John H. McCooey. That troubles me because it seems unworthy of a crested, fantastic, and proterve municipality like New York. But if I had my way, and the new ferry were called Walt Whitman or Peter Ibbetson or Moby Dick, probably Mr. Hylan would be equally outraged. The name John H. McCooey somehow doesn't seem sufficiently imaginative; and yet perhaps it is amusing as another symbol of our many-stranded comedy. Anyone who has walked along Seventh Avenue, in the neighborhood of the Hotel York (a place that has always seemed to me, I don't know just why, very entertaining) during a warm summer lunch hour, and observantly meditated the faces and anatomies patrolling there, may prudently hesitate before choosing a name to symbolize New York.

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I had intended to make up a little list of recent books that had come to me accidentally, books that I found charming and feared would not get their merits in the big shuffle. "Credo" by Stewart Edward White (not a novel, but Mr. White's meditations on science and religion) was one of them. "The Thread of Ariadne," by Adrian Stokes, was another; and C. E. Montague's "Dramatic Values" a third, and Glen Mullin's "Adventures of a Scholar Tramp" a fourth. Mr. Mullin's book especially struck me as thrilling; I shall not forget the description of the hobo reading Oscar Wilde's pamphlet on socialism as he rode the rods underneath a Pullman car; Mr. Mullin's tales of bumming rides on the railroads are so good that they must be true. And there were other books also in my list; but it strikes me as probable that other people prefer to discover things for themselves. A more exciting adventure was in a drugstore where I had a notable illustration of the New York theory of pronunciation. I was asking the druggist the name of a man we both knew, which I had forgotten. "Mr. Hoerl," he said. "'H, O, E, R, L,' just like the famous cardplayer."

And besides, who can write about books after reading "Peter Ibbetson" for the first time? There is a book that unfits one for actual life.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Gustave Freytag died at Wiesbaden on April 30, 1895. He published his greatest novel, "Soll und Haben," precisely seventy years ago. The original model of the great business house which he depicted in his novel, Molinari and Sons of Breslau, went into bankruptcy on almost the very day on which the thirty-year copyright on the novel expired and publishers began to bring out cheap, and *de luxe*, editions, for with all of Germany's literary adventures, Freytag remains one of her most widely read authors. Interesting, apart from these coincidences, is the fact that Poland and Czecho-Slovakia are playing nearly the same rôle in industrial affairs today that Freytag had them play, through the Schröters, Rothsattels and Ehrenthals, in 1855. There are a number of "failures" in the novel, but it has after all a happy ending. It may be that Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Germany will have one, too.

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# SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By **Joseph Conrad**

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## I

A DEEP red glow flushed the fronts of marble palaces piled up on the slope of an arid mountain whose barren ridge traced high on the darkening sky a ghostly and glimmering outline. The winter sun was setting over the Gulf of Genoa. Behind the massive shore the sky to the east was like darkening glass. The open water too had a glassy look with a purple sheen in which the evening light lingered as if clinging to the water. The sails of a few becalmed feluccas looked rosy and cheerful, motionless in the gathering gloom. Their heads were all pointing towards the superb city. Within the long jetty with the squat round tower at the end, the water of the harbour had turned black. A bigger vessel with square sails, issuing from it and arrested by the sudden descent of the calm, faced the red disc of the sun. Her ensign hung down and its colours were not to be made out; but a lank man in a shabby sailor's jacket and wearing a strange cap with a tassel, who lounged with both his arms thrown over the black breech of an enormous piece of ordnance that with three of its monstrous fellows squatted on the platform of the tower, seemed to have no doubt of her nationality; for to the question of a civilian in a long coat and Hessian boots and with an ingenuous young countenance above the folds of a white neckcloth he answered curtly, taking a short pipe out of his mouth but not turning his head.

"She's Elban."

He replaced his pipe and preserved an unsociable air. The elegant young man with the pleasant countenance, (who was Cosmo, the son of Sir Charles Latham of Latham Hall, Yorkshire), repeated under his breath, "Elban," and remained wrapped up in still contemplation of the becalmed ship with her undistinguishable flag.

It was not till the sun had sunk beneath the waters of the Mediterranean and the undistinguishable flag had been hauled down on board the motionless ship that he stirred and turned his eyes toward the harbour. The nearest prominent object in it was the imposing shape of an English line-of-battle ship moored on the west side not far from the quay. Her tall spars overtopped the roofs of the houses and the English ensign at her flagstaff had just been hauled down and replaced by a lantern that looked strange in the clear twilight. The forms of shipping crowded towards the head of the harbour were merging into one another. Cosmo let his eyes wander over the circular platform of the tower. The man leaning over the gun went on smoking with indifference.

"Are you the guardian of this tower?" asked the young man.

The other gave him a sidelong glance and made answer without changing his attitude and more as if speaking to himself:

"This is now an unguarded spot. The wars are over."

"Do they close the door at the bottom of this tower at night?" enquired Cosmo.

"That is not a matter worth consideration especially for those like you, for instance, who have a soft bed to go to for the night."

The young man put his head on one side and looked at his interlocutor with a faint smile.

"You don't seem to care," he said. "So I conclude I need not. As long as you are content to stay here I am safe enough. I followed you up the stairs , you know."

The man with the pipe stood up abruptly. "You followed me here? Why did you do that, in the name of all the saints?"

The young man laughed as if at a good joke. "Because you were walking in front of me. There was nobody else in view near the Mole. Suddenly you disappeared. Then I saw the door at the bottom of the tower was open and I walked up the stairs onto this platform. And I would have been very surprised if I hadn't found you here."

The man in the strange cap ornamented with a tassel had taken his pipe out of his mouth to listen. "That was all?"

"Yes, that was all."

"Nobody but an Englishman would behave like that," countered the other to himself, a slight appearance of apprehension passing over his features. "You are an eccentric people."

"I don't see anything eccentric in what I've done. I simply wanted to walk out of the town. The Mole was as good as any other part. It is very pleasant here."

A slight breeze touched the two men's faces, while they stood silent, looking at each other. "I am but an idle traveller," said Cosmo easily. "I arrived this morning by land. I am glad I had the idea to come out here to behold your town glowing in the sunset and to get a sight of a vessel belonging to Elba. There can't be very many of them. But you, my friend . . . "

"I have as much right to idle away my time here as any English traveller," interrupted the man hastily.

"It is very pleasant here," repeated the young traveller, staring into the dusk which had invaded the platform of the tower.

"Pleasant?" repeated the other. "Yes, perhaps. The last time I was on this platform I was only ten years old. A solid round shot was spinning and rattling all over the stone floor. It made a wondrous disturbance and seemed a living thing full of fury."

"A solid shot!" exclaimed Cosmo, looking all over the smooth flagstones as if expecting to see the traces of that visitation. "Where did it come from?"

"It came from an English brig belonging to Milord Keith's Squadron. She stood in quite close and opened fire on us. . . . Heaven only knows why. The audacity of your people! A single shot from one of those big fellows," he continued, slapping the enormous bulging breech of the gun by his side, "would have been enough to sink her like a stone."

"I can well believe it. But the fearlessness of our seamen has ceased to astonish the world long ago," murmured the young traveller.

"There are plenty of fearless people in the world, but luck is even better than courage. The brig sailed away unscathed. Yes, luck is even better than courage. Surer than wisdom and stronger than justice. Luck is a great thing. It is the only thing worth having on one's side. And you people have always had it. Yes, signore, you belong to a lucky nation or else you would not be standing here on this platform looking across the water in the direction of that crumb of land that is the last refuge of your greatest enemy."

COSMO leaned over the stone parapet near the embrasure of the gun on the other side of which the man with the short pipe in his hands made a vaguely emphatic gesture: "I wonder what thoughts pass through your head," he went on in a quiet detached tone. "Or perhaps you are too young yet to have many thoughts in your head. Excuse my liberty, but I have always heard that one may be frank in speech with an Englishman; and by your speech there can be no doubt of your being of that nation."

"I can assure you I have no thoughts of hatred. . . . Look, the Elban ship is getting farther away. Or is it only the darkness that makes her seem so?"

"The night air is heavy. There is more wind on the water than up here, where we stand; but I don't think she has moved away. You are interested in that Elban ship, signore."

"There is a fascination now about everything connected with that island," confessed the ingenuous traveller. "You have just said that I was too young to think. You don't seem so very much older than myself. I wonder what thoughts you may have."

"The thoughts of a common man, thoughts that could be of no interest to an English milord," answered the other, in a grimly deprecatory tone.

"Do you think that all Englishmen are lords?" asked Cosmo, with a laugh.

"I didn't think. I went by your appearance. I remember hearing an old man once say that you were a lordly nation."

"Really!" exclaimed the young man and laughed again in a low, pleasant note. "I remember hearing of an old man who called us a nation of traders."

"*Nazione di mercante*," repeated the man slowly. "Well, that may be true too. Different men, different wisdoms."

"This didn't occur to me," said Cosmo, seating himself with a little spring on the stone parapet of the tower. He rested one foot on the massive gun-carriage and fixed his clear eyes on the dark red streak on the western sky left by the retreating sun like a long gash inflicted on the suffering body of the universe. . . . "Different men, different wisdoms," he repeated, musingly. "I suppose it must be. People's lives are so very different. . . . And of what kind was the wisdom of your old man?"

"THE wisdom of a great plain as level almost as the sea," said the other gravely. "His voice was as unexepected when I heard it as your own, signore. The evening shadows had closed about me just after I had seen to the west, on the edge of the world as it were,, a lion miss his spring on a bounding deer. They went away right into the glow and vanished. It was as though I had dreamed. When I turned round there was the old man behind me no farther away than half the width of this platform. He only smiled at my startled looks. His long silver locks stirred in the breeze. He had been watching me, it seems, from folds of ground and from amongst reed beds for nearly half a day, wondering what I might be at. I had come ashore to wander on the plain. I like to be alone sometimes. My ship was anchored in a bight of this deserted coast a good many miles away, too many to walk back in the dark for a stranger like me. So I spent the night in that old man's ranch, a hut of grass and reeds, near a little piece of water peopled by a multitude of birds. He treated me as if I had been his son. We talked till dawn and when the sun rose I did not go back to my ship. What I had on board of my own was not of much value, and there was certainly no one there to address me as 'My son' in that particular tone—you know what I mean, signore."

"I don't know—but I think I can guess," was the answer whose light-hearted yet earnest frankness was particularly boyish and provoked a smile on the part of the older man. In repose his face was grave. His English interlocutor went on after a pause. "You deserted from your ship to join a hermit in a wilderness simply because the tone of his voice appealed to your heart. Is that your meaning?"

"You have guessed it, signorino. Perhaps there was more in it than that. There is no doubt about it that I did desert from my ship."

"And where was that?"

"On the coast of South America," answered the man from the other side of the big gun, with sudden curtness. "And now it is time for us to part."

But neither of them stirred and for some time they remained silent, growing shadowy to each other on the massive tower, which itself, in the advancing night, was but a gray shadow above the dark and motionless sea.

"How long did you stay with that hermit in the desert?" asked Cosmo. "And how did you leave him?"

"Signore, it was he who left me. After I had buried his body I had nothing more to do there. I had learned much during that year."

"What is it you learned, my friend? I should like to know."

"Signore, his wisdom was not like that of other men and it would be too long to explain to you here on this tower and at this late hour of the day. I learned many things. How to be patient, for instance. . . . Don't you think, signore, that your friends or the servants at the inn may become uneasy at your long absence?"

"I tell you I haven't been much more than two hours in this town and I have spoken to nobody in

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it till I came upon you, except of course to the people at the inn."

"They may start looking for you."

"Why should they trouble their heads? It isn't late yet. Why should they notice my absence?"

"Why? . . . Simply because your supper may be ready at this time," retorted the man impatiently.

"It may be, but I am not hungry yet," said the young man casually. "Let them search for me all over the town if they like." Then in a tone of interest, "Do you think they would think of looking for me here?" he asked.

"No. This is the last spot anybody would think of," muttered the other as if to himself. He raised his voice markedly, "We must part indeed. Good-night, signore."

"Good-night."

The man in the seaman's jacket started for a moment, then with a brusque movement cocked his cap with the strange tassel more on the side of his head. "I am not going away from this spot," he said.

"I thought you were. Why did you wish me good-night then?"

"Because we must part."

"I suppose we must some time or other," agreed Cosmo in a friendly voice. "I should like to meet you again."

"We must part at once, this moment, on this tower."

"Why?"

"Because I want to be left alone," answered the other after the slightest of pauses.

"Oh, come! Why on earth do you want to be left alone? What is it you could do here?" protested the other with great good humor. Then as if struck by an amusing notion, "Unless indeed you want to practise incantations," he continued lightly, "and perhaps call the Evil One to your side." He paused. "There are people, you know, that think it can be done," he added in a mocking tone.

"They are not far from wrong," was the other's ominous reply. "Each man has a devil not very far from his elbow. Don't argue, signore, don't call him up in me! You had better say no more and go in peace from here."

The young traveller did not change his careless attitude. The man in the cap heard him say quietly, almost in a tone of self-communion:

"I prefer to stay in peace here."

IT was indeed a wonderful peace. The sound of their quiet voices did not seem to affect it in the least. It had an enormous and overpowering amplitude which seemed rather to the man in the cap to take the part of the Englishman's calm obstinacy against his growing anger. He couldn't repress an impulsively threatening movement in the direction of his inconvenient companion but it died out in perplexity. He pushed his cap still more on one side and simply scratched his head.

"You are one of those people that are accustomed to have their own way. Well, you can't have your way this time. I have asked you quietly to leave me alone on this tower. I asked you as man to man. But if you won't listen to reason I . . . "

Cosmo, putting the palms of his hands against the edge of the parapet, sprang lightly nearly to the middle of the platform and landed without a stagger. His voice was perfectly even.

"Reason is my only guide," he declared. "But your request looks like a mere caprice. For what can you possibly have to do here? The sea birds are gone to sleep and I have as much right to the air up here as you. Therefore . . . "

A thought seemed to strike him. "Surely this can't be your trysting place," he commented in a changed tone through which pierced a certain sympathy.

A short scornful laugh from the other checked him and he muttered to himself soberly, "No. Altogether unfit . . . amongst those grim old guns." He raised his voice. "All I can do is to give you all the room." He backed away from the centre of the platform and perched himself this time on the massive breech of a sixty-pounder. "Go on with your incantations," he said then to the tall and dim figure whose immobility appeared helpless for a moment. It broke the short period of silence, saying deliberately:

"I suppose you are aware that at any time since we have begun to talk together it was open to me to fling myself upon you unawares as you sat on the parapet and knock you over to the bottom of this tower?" He waited a moment, then in a deeper tone, "Will you deny it?" he said.

"No, I won't deny it," was the careless answer. "I hadn't thought to be on my guard. But I can swim."

"Don't you know there is a border of big blocks of stone there? It would have been a terrible death. . . . And now, will the signore do what I ask him and return to his inn which is a much safer place than this platform?"

"Safety is not a great inducement; and I don't believe for a moment you ever thought of attacking me in a treacherous manner."

"Well," the tall shadowy figure crowned by the shape of the strange cap admitted reluctantly. "Well, since you put it in those words, signore, I did not."

"You see! I believe you are a fine fellow. But as it is I am under no sort of obligation to listen to you."

"You are crafty," burst out the other violently. "It's in the blood. How is one to deal with people like you?"

"You could try to drive me off," suggested the other.

THERE was no answer for a time, then the tall figure muttered reflectively to itself.

"After all—he's an Englishman."

"I don't think myself invincible on that account," observed Cosmo calmly.

"I know. I have fought against English soldiers in Buenos Ayres. I was only thinking that, to give the devil his due, men of your nation don't consort with spies or love tyranny either. . . . Tell me, is it true that you have only been two hours in this town?"

"Perfectly true."

"And yet all the tyrants of the world are your allies," the shadowy man pursued his train of thought half aloud.

The no less shadowy traveller remarked quietly into the gathering night:

"You don't know who my friends are."

"I don't, but I think you are not likely to go with a tale to the Austrian spies or consort with the Piedmontese *sbirri*. As to the priests who are poking their noses everywhere, I . . . "

"I don't know a single soul in Italy," interrupted the other.

"But you will soon. People like you make acquaintances everywhere. But it's idle talk with strangers that I fear. Can I trust you as an Englishman not to talk of what you may see?"

"You may. I can't imagine what unlawful thing you are about to commit here. I am dying from curiosity. Can it be that you are really some sort of sorcerer? Go on! Trace your magic circle if that is your business, and call up the spirits of the dead."

A low grunt was the only answer to this speech uttered in a tone between jest and earnest. Cosmo watched from the breech of his gun with intense interest the movements of the man who objected so strongly to his presence but who now seemed to pay no attention to him at all. They were not the movements of a magician in so far that they certainly had nothing to do with the tracing of circles. The figure had stepped over to the seaward face of the tower and seemed to be pulling endless things out of the breast pocket of his jacket. The young Englishman got down from the breech of the gun, without ceasing to peer in a fascinated way, and moved closer step by step till he threw himself back with an exclamation of astonishment. "By heavens! The fellow is going to fish." . . . Cosmo remained mute with surprise for a good many seconds and then burst out loudly:

"Is this what you displayed all this secrecy for? This is the worst hoax I ever . . . "

"Come nearer, signore, but take care not to tangle all my twine with your feet. . . . Do you see this box?"

The heads of the two men had come together confidentially and the young traveller made out a cylindrical object which was in fact a round tin box. His companion thrust it into his hand with the request, "Hold it for me a moment, signore," and then Cosmo had the opportunity to ascertain that the lid of it was hermetically sealed. The man in the strange cap dived into the pocket of his breeches for flint and steel. The Englishman beheld with surprise his lately inimical companion squeeze himself between the massive tube of the piece of ordnance and the wall of stone and wriggle outwards into the depth of the thick embrasure till nothing of him remained visible but his black stockings and the soles of his heavy shoes. After a time his voice came deadened along the thickness of the wall:

"Will you hand me the box now, signore?"

Cosmo, enlisted in these mysterious proceedings, the nature of which was becoming clear enough to him, obeyed at once, and approaching the embrasure thrust the box in at the full length of his arm till it came in contact with the ready hand of the man who was lying flat on his stomach with his head projecting beyond the wall of the tower. His groping hand found and snatched away the box. The line was attached to the box and at once its length laid on the platform began to run out till the very end disappeared. Then the man lying prone within the thickness of the gun embrasure lay still as death and the young traveller strained his ears in the absolute silence to catch the slightest sound at the foot of the tower. But all he could hear was the faint sound of some distant clock striking somewhere in the town. He waited a little longer, then in the cautious tone of a willing accomplice murmured within the opening:

"Got a bite yet?"

The answer came hardly audible:

"No. But this is the very hour."

Cosmo felt his interest growing. And yet the facts in themselves were not very exciting, but all this had the complexion and the charm of an unexpected adventure, heightened by its mystery, playing itself out before that old town towering like a carved hill decorated with lights that began to appear quickly on the sombre and colossal mass of that lofty shore. The last gleam had died out in the west. The harbour was dark except for the lantern at the stern of the British ship of the line. The man in the embrasure made a slight movement. Cosmo became more alert but apparently nothing happened. There was no murmur of voices, splash of water, or sign of the slightest stir all round the tower. Suddenly the man in the embrasure began to wriggle back on to the platform and in a very few minutes stood up to his full height facing the unexpected helper.

"She has come and gone," he said. "Did you hear anything, signore?"

"Not a sound. She might have been the ghost of a boat—for you are alluding to a boat, are you not?"

"*Si*. And I hope that if any eye on shore had made her out it had taken her for only a ghost. Of course that English vessel of war rows guard at night. But it isn't to look out for ghosts."

"I should think not. Ghosts are of no account. Could there be anything more futile than the ghost of a boat?"

"You are one of the strong-minded, signore. Ghosts are the concern of the ignorant—yet who knows? But it does sound funny to talk of the ghost of a boat, a thing of brute matter. For wouldn't a ghost be a thing of spirit, a man's soul itself made restless by grief or love, or remorse or anger? Such are the stories that one hears. But the old hermit of the plain, of whom I spoke, assured me that the dead are too glad to be done with life to make trouble on earth."

"You and your hermit!" exclaimed Cosmo in a boyish and marvelling tone. "I suppose it is no use me asking you what I have been just helping you in."

"A little smuggling operation, signore. Surely, signore, England has custom houses and therefore must have smugglers too."

ONE has heard of them of course. But I wouldn't mind a bet that there is not one of them that resembles you. Neither do I believe that they deal with packages as small as the one you lowered into that ghostly boat. You saw her of course. There was a boat."

"There was somebody to cut the string, as you see, signore. Look, here is all that twine, all of it but a little piece. It may have been a man swimming in the dark water. A man with a soul, fit to make a ghost of . . . let us call him a ghost, signore."

"Oh yes, let us," the other said lightly. "I am sure that when I wake up tomorrow all this will

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seem to me a dream. Even now I feel inclined to pinch myself."

"What's that for, in Heaven's name?"

"It's a saying we have in our country. Yes, you, your hermit, our talk, and this very tower, all this will be like a dream."

"I would say 'nothing better' if it was not that most people are only too ready to talk about their dreams. No, signore, let all this be to you of less consequence than if it were a tale of ghosts, of mere ghosts in which you do not believe. You forced yourself on me as if you were the lord of this place, but I feel friendly enough to you."

"I didn't ask for your friendship," retorted the young traveller in a clear voice so void of all offence that the other man accepted it for a mere statement of a fact.

"Certainly not. I spoke of my own feelings, and though I am, you may say, a newcomer and a stranger in my own native city, I assure you it is better to have me for a friend than for an enemy. And the best thing of all would be to forget all about me. It would be also the kindest thing you could do."

"Really?" said Cosmo in a tone of sympathy. "How can you expect me to forget the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me in all my life?"

"In all your life! H'm! You have a long life before you yet, signorino."

"Oh, but this is an adventure."

"That's what I mean. You have so many marvelous adventures before you, signorino, that this one is sure to be forgotten very soon. Then why not at once?"

"No, my friend, you don't seem somehow a person one could easily forget."

"I——God forbid. . . . Good-night, signore."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the man in the cap bounded across the platform, dived into the black square opening on its landward side, and ran down the steps so lightly that not a sound reached the ears of the other. Cosmo went down the winding stair, but cautiously in the profound darkness. The door at the bottom stood open and he stepped out on to the deserted jetty. He could see on it nothing in the shape of a fleeting shadow.

On the very edge of the shore a low little building with three arcades sent a dim gleam of light through its open door. It seemed to be a sort of guardroom, for there was a sentry, an Austrian soldier apparently, in a white coat. His duty, however, seemed to be concerned with the landing-steps in front of the guardhouse, and he let the young traveller pass on as though he had not seen him at all. Dark night had settled upon the long quay. Here and there a dim street lamp threw a feeble light on the uneven stones which the feet of the young traveller with his springy walk seemed hardly to touch. The pleasurable sensation of something extraordinary having happened to him accelerated his movements. He was also feeling very hungry and he was making haste towards his inn to dine first and then to think his adventure over, for there was a strong conviction within him that he certainly had had an adventure of a nature at the same time stimulating and obscure.

## II

COSMO LATHAM had an inborn faculty of orientation in strange surroundings, most invaluable in a cavalry officer, but of which he had never made much use, not even during the few months when he served as a cornet of horse in the Duke of Wellington's army in the last year of the peninsular campaign. There had been but few occasions to make use of it for a freshly joined subaltern. It stood him in good stead that night, however, while making his way to his inn in a town in which he was a complete stranger, for it allowed him, with but little concern for the direction he took, to think of his home which he loved for itself, every stone and every tree of it—and of the two people he left there, whom he loved too, each in a different way: his father, Sir Charles, and his sister Henrietta.

Latham Hall, a large straggling building showing traces of many styles, flanked by a romantic park and commanding a vast view of the Yorkshire hills, had been the hereditary home of Lathams from the times before the Great Rebellion. That it escaped confiscation then might have been the effect of the worldly prudence of the Latham of the time. He probably took good care not to shock persons of position and influence. That, however, was not the characteristic of the later Lathams down to Sir Charles, Cosmo's father.

Sir Charles's unconventional individuality had never been understood by his country neighbours. Born endowed with a good intellect, a lively imagination, and a capacity for social intercourse, it had been his fate, owing to the idiosyncrasies of his own father, to spend his early youth in the depths of Yorkshire in surroundings not at all congenial to his tastes. Later he served for a time in the Guards; but he very soon left the army to make an extended tour in France and Italy. In those last days before the Revolution *le chevalier* Latham obtained a great social recognition in Paris and Versailles amongst the very best people, not so much by his brilliance as by the depth of his character and the largeness of his ideas. But suddenly he tore himself away from his friendships and successes and proceeded to Italy. There, amongst the members of the English colony in Florence, he met the two Aston girls and, for some reason or other, became a great favourite with their widowed mother. But at the end of some months he suddenly made up his mind to return home. During a long, sleepless night, which he spent pacing up and down in the agony of an internal struggle with himself in the magnificent rooms of his lodgings in Florence, he concluded that he would go home by sea. It was the easiest way of avoiding coming near Paris. He had heard not long before that the best friends he had made in the brilliant society he had frequented in France, the Marquis and the Marquise d'Armand, had a daughter born to them. At Leghorn on the very eve of embarking he had another struggle with himself—but he went by sea. By the time when, after a long sea passage, he put his foot on native soil he had renounced the idea of hurrying on north to shut himself up in his country home. He lingered in London, disdainful and idle, and began reluctantly to fall into the ways of a man about town, when a friend returning from Italy brought him news that Miss Aston was going to marry a Tuscan nobleman of mature years, and, as a piece of queer Florentine gossip, that if the younger sister, Miss Molly Aston, had refused two suitors in quick succession it was because she regarded herself in some way as being engaged to him, Charles Latham.

WHETHER stung by his conscience or urged by indignation Sir Charles started impulsively for Italy, travelling across the south of France. It was a long road. At first he had been amazed, confounded, and angry; but before he came to the end of his journey he had time to reflect upon what might easily become an absurd and odious situation. He said to himself that a lot of bother of one sort and another would be saved by his marying Dolly Aston. He did so, to the applause of all right-minded people, and at the end of two years spent abroad came home with his wife to shut himself up in his ancestral hall commanding the view of a wide and romantic landscape, which he thought one of the finest in the world.

Molly Aston had been beautiful enough in her time to inspire several vagrant poets and at least one Italian sculptor; but as Cosmo grew older he began to understand that his mother had been a nonentity in the family life. The greatest piece of self-assertion on her part was his name. She had insisted on calling him Cosmo because the Astons counted, far back in the past, an ancestress of Florentine origin, supposed to have been a connection of the Medici family. Cosmo was fair, and the name was all about him that he had received from his mother. Henrietta was a type of dark beauty. Lady Latham died when both her children were still young. In her life she adorned Latham Hall in the same way as a statue might have adorned it. Her household power was limited to the ordering of the dinner. With habits of meticulous order and a marvellously commonplace mind she had a temperament which, if she had not fallen violently in love at the age of eighteen with the same man whom she married, would have made her fond of society, of amusement, and perhaps even of dissipation. But her only amusement and dissipation consisted of writing long letters to innumerable relations and friends all over the world, of whom after her marriage she saw but very little. She never complained. Her hidden fear of all initiative and the secret ardouf of her temperament found their fufilment in an absolute submission to Sir Charles's will. She would never have dreamed of asking for horses for a visit in the neighbourhood, but when her husband remarked, "I think it would be advisable for you, my lady, to call at such and such a house," her face would light up, she would answer with alacrity, "Certainly, Sir Charles," and go off to array herself magnificently indeed (perhaps because of that drop of Medici blood), but also with great taste.

AS the years went on Sir Charles aged more than he ought to have done, and even began to grow a little stout, but no one could fail to see that he had been a very handsome man in his time and that his wife's early infatuation for him was justified in a way. In politics he was a partisan of Mr. Pitt rather than a downright Tory. He loved his country, believed in its greatness, in its superior virtue, in its irresistible power. Nothing could shake his fidelity to national prejudices of every sort. He had no great liking for grandees and mere aristocrats, despised the fashionable world, and would have nothing whatever to do with any kind of "upstart." Without being gentle he was naturally kind and hospitable. His native generosity was so well known that no one was surprised when he offered the shelter of his Yorkshire house to a family of French refugees, the Marquis and the Marquise d'Armand and their little daughter Adèle. They had arrived in England in a state of almost complete destitution but with two servants who had shared the dangers and the miseries of their flight from the excesses of the Revolution.

The presence of all these people at Latham Hall which, considered at first as a temporary arrangement, was to last for some years, did not affect in the least Lady Latham's beautifully dressed, idle equanimity. Had not the D'Armands been Sir Charles's intimate friends years ago, in France? But she had no curiosity. She was vaguely impressed by the fact that the Marquis was a god-daughter of the Queen of Naples. For the rest it was only so many people more in the servant's hall, at the dinner table, and in the drawing room where the evenings were spent.

High up on one of the walls a lamp with a shaded reflector concentrated its light on the yellow satin coat on the half-length portrait of a rubicund Latham in a white coburg, which but for the manly and sensitive mouth might have been the portrait of his own coachman. Apart from that spot of beautiful colour the vast room with its windows giving on a terrace (from which Sir Charles was in the habit of viewing sunsets) remained dim with an effect of immensity in which the occupants, and even Sir Charles himself, acquired the appearance of unsubstantial shadows uttering words that had to travel across long, almost unlighted distances.

On one side of the mantelpiece of Italian marbles (a late addition designed by Sir Charles himself) Lady Latham's profuse jewellery sparkled about her splendid and restful person posed placidly on a sofa. Opposite her, the Marquise would be lying down on a deep couch with one of Lady Latham's shawls spread over her feet. The D'Armands in their flight from the Terror had saved very little besides their lives, and the Marquise D'Armand's life had by this time become a very precarious possession.

Sir Charles was perhaps more acutely aware of this than the Marquis her husband. Sir Charles remembered her gentle in her changing moods of gaiety and thought, charming, active, fascinating, and certainly the most intelligent as she was the most beautiful of the women of the French court. Her voice reaching him clear but feeble across the drawing room had a pathetic appeal; and the tone of his answers was tinged with the memory of a great sentiment and with the deference due to great misfortunes. From time to time Lady Latham would make a remark in a matter-of-fact tone which would provoke something resembling curtness in Sir Charles's elaborately polite reply, and the thought that that woman would have made the very Lord's Prayer sound prosaic. And then in the long pauses they would pursue their own thoughts as perplexed and full of unrest as the world of seas and continents that began at the edge of the long terrace graced by gorgeous sunsets; the wide world filled with the strife of ideas and the struggle of nations in perhaps the most troubled time of its history.

From the depths of the Italian chimneypiece the firelight of blazing English logs would fall on Adèle d'Armand sitting quietly on a low stool near her mother's couch. Her fair hair, white complex-

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ion, and dark blue eyes contrasted strongly with the deeper colour scheme of Henrietta Latham, whose locks were rich chestnut brown and whose eyes had a dark lustre full of intelligence rather than sentiment. Now and then the French child would turn her head to look at Sir Charles, for whom in her silent existence she had developed a filial affection.

In those days Adèle d'Armand did not see much of her own father. Most of the time the Marquis was away. Each of his frequent absences was an act of devotion to his exiled Princes, who appreciated it no doubt but found devotion only natural in a man of that family. The evidence of their regard for the Marquis took the shape mainly of distant and dangerous missions to the courts of north Germany, and northern Italy. In the general disruption of the old order those missions were all futile, because no one ever stopped an avalanche by means of plots and negotiations. But in the Marquis the perfect comprehension of that profound truth was mingled with the sort of enthusiasm that fabricates the very hopes on which it feeds. He would receive his instructions for those desparate journeys with extreme gravity and depart on them without delay, after a flying visit to the Hall to embrace his ailing wife and his silent child and hold a grave conference with his stately English friend from whom he never concealed a single one of his thoughts or his hopes. And Sir Charles approved of them both; because the thoughts were sober and absolutely free from absurd illusions common to all exiles, thus appealing to Sir Charles's reason and also to his secret disdain of all great aristocracies—and the second, being based on the Marquis's conviction of England's unbroken might and consistency, seemed to Sir Charles the most natural thing in the world.

They paced a damp laurel-bordered walk together for an hour or so; Sir Charles lame and stately like a disabled child of Jupiter himself, the Marquis restraining his stride and stooping with a furrowed brow to talk in measured, level tones. The wisdom of Sir Charles expressed itself in curt sentences in which scorn for men's haphazard activities and shortsighted views was combined with a calm belief in the future.

*"Suspense" will be continued in the next issue.*


# *Rules of the Conrad Contest*

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

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| First Prize | $500 |
| Second Prize | 250 |
| Third Prize | 50 |
| Fourth Prize | 50 |
| Fifth Prize | 25 |

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September (the definite date will be announced later). At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or reader of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.


# Books for the Journey

By Aldous Huxley

ALL tourists cherish an illusion, of which no amount of experience can ever completely cure them; they imagine that they will find time, in the course of their travels, to do a lot of reading. They see themselves, at the end of a day's sight-seeing or motoring, or while they are sitting in the train, studiously turning over the pages of all the vast and serious works which, at ordinary seasons, they never find time to read. They start for a fortnight's tour in France, taking with them "The Critique of Pure Reason," "Appearance and Reality," the complete works of Dante and the "Golden Bough." They come home to make the discovery that they have read something less than a chapter of the "Golden Bough" and the first fifty-two lines of the "Inferno." But that does not prevent them from taking just as many books the next time they set out on their travels.

Long experience has taught me to reduce in some slight measure the dimensions of my travelling library. But even now I am far too optimistic about my powers of reading while on a journey. Along with the books which I know it is possible to read, I still continue to put in a few impossible volumes in the pious hope that some day, somehow, they will get read. Thick tomes have travelled with me for thousands of kilometers across the face of Europe and have returned with their secrets unviolated. But whereas in the past I took nothing but thick tomes, and a great quantity of them, at that, I now take only one or two and for the rest pack only the sort of books which I know by experience can be read in a hotel bedroom after a day's sightseeing.

The qualities essential in a good travelling book are these. It should be a work of such a kind that one can open it anywhere and be sure of finding something interesting, complete in itself, and susceptible of being read in a short time. A book requiring continuous attention and prolonged mental effort is useless on a voyage; for leisure, when one travels, is brief and tinged with physical fatigue, the mind distracted and unapt to make protracted exertions.

Few travelling books are better than a good anthology of poetry in which every page contains something complete and perfect in itself. The brief respites from labor which the self-immolated tourist allows himself, cannot be more delightfully filled than with the reading of poetry, which may even be got by heart; for the mind, though reluctant to follow an argument, takes pleasure in the slight labor of committing melodious words to memory.

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In the choice of anthologies every traveller must please himself. My own favorite is Edward Thomas's "Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air." Thomas was a man of wide reading and of exquisite taste, and peculiarly gifted moreover to be an anthologist of the Open Air. For out of the huge tribe of modern versifiers who have babbled of green fields, Thomas is almost the only one who one feels to be a "nature poet" (the expression is somehow rather horrible, but there is no other) by right of birth and the conquest of real sympathy and understanding. It is not everyone who says Lord, Lord, that shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; and few, very few of those who cry Cuckoo, Cuckoo shall be admitted into the company of nature poets. For proof of this, I refer my readers to the various volumes of Georgian Poetry.

Equally well adapted, with poetry, to the traveller's need, are collections of aphorisms or maxims. If they are good—and they must be very good indeed; for there is nothing more dismal than a "Great Thought" enunciated by an author who has not himself the elements of greatness—maxims make the best of all reading. They take a minute to read and provide matter upon which thought can ruminate for hours. None are to be preferred to La Rochefouchauld's. Myself, I always reserve my upper left hand waistcoat pocket for a small sexto-decimo reprint of the "Maximes." It is a book to which there is no bottom or end. For with every month that one lives, with every accession to one's knowledge both of oneself and of others, it means something more. For La Rochefoucauld knew almost everything about the human soul, so that practically every discovery one can make oneself, as one advances through life, has been anticipated by him and formulated in the briefest and most elegant phrases. I say advisedly that La Rochefoucauld knew "almost" everything about the human soul; for it is obvious that he does not know all. He knew everything about the souls of human beings insofar as they are social animals. Of the soul of man in solitude,—of man when he is no more interested in the social pleasures and successes which were to Rochefoucauld so all-important,—he knows little or nothing.

Hardly less satisfactory as travel books are the aphoristice works of Nietzsche. Neitzsche's sayings have this in common with La Rochefoucauld's, that they are pregnant and expansive. His best aphorisms are long trains of thought, compressed. The mind can dwell on them at length because so much is implicit in them. It is in this way that good aphorisms differ from mere epigrams, in which the whole point consists in the felicity of expression. An epigram pleases by surprising; after the first moment the effect wears off and we are no further interested in it. One is not taken in twice by the same practical joke. But an aphorism does not depend on verbal wit. Its effect is not momentary, and the more we think of it, the more substance we find in it.

Another excellent book for a journey—for it combines expansive aphorisms with anecdotes—is Boswell's "Life of Johnson" which the Oxford Press now issues, on Indian paper, in a single small octavo volume. (All travellers, by the way, owe much to the exertions of Henry Frowde, of the Oxford Press, the inventor, or at least the European reinventor, of that fine rag paper, impregnated with mineral matter to give it opacity, which we call India paper.) What the aphorism is to the philosophical treatise, the India-paper volume is to the ponderous editions of the past. All Shakespeare, perfectly legible, gets into a volume no bigger than a single novel by the late Charles Garvice. All Pepys, or as much of him as the British public is allowed to read, can now be fitted into three pockets. And the Bible, reduced to an inch in thickness, must surely be in danger of losing those bullet-stopping qualities which it used, at any rate in romantic novels, to possess. Thanks to Henry Frowde one can get a million words of reading matter into a rucksack and hardly feel the difference in its weight.

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India paper and photography have rendered possible the inclusion in a portable library of what in my opinion is the best traveller's book of all—a volume (any of the thirty-two will do) of the twelfth, half-size edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It takes up very little room (eight and a half inches, by six and a half by one is not excessive), it contains about a thousand pages and an almost countless number of curious and improbable facts. It can be dipped into anywhere, its component chapters are complete in themselves and not too long. For the traveller, disposing as he does only of brief half hours, it is the perfect book, the more so, since I take it that, being a born traveller, he is likely also to be one of those desultory and self-indulgent readers to whom the Encyclopædia, when not used for some practical purpose, must especially appeal. I never pass a day from home without taking a volume with me. It is the book of books.

That one does not oneself go mad, or become, in the process of reading the Encyclopædia, a mine of useless and unrelated knowledge is due to the fact that one forgets. The mind has a vast capacity for oblivion. Providentially; otherwise, in the chaos of futile memories, it would be impossible to remember anything useful or coherent. In practice, we work with generalizations, abstracted out of the turmoil of realities. If we remembered everything perfectly we should never be able to generalize at all; for there would appear before our minds nothing but individual images, precise and different. Without ignorance we could not generalize. Let us thank heaven for our power of forgetting. With regard to the Encyclopædia, they are enormous. The mind only remembers that of which it has some need. Five minutes after reading about mountain spinach, the ordinary man, who is neither a botanist nor a cook, has forgotten all about it. Read for amusement, the Encyclopædia serves only to distract for the moment; it does not instruct, it deposits nothing on the surface of the mind that will remain. It is a mere time-killer and momentary tickler of the mind. I only use it for amusement on my travels; I should be ashamed to indulge so wantonly in mere curiosity at home, during seasons of serious business.

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# Books of Special Interest

## East and West

CHINA AND EUROPE, Intellectual and Artistic Contacts in the 18th Century. By ADOLF REICHWEIN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by SIDNEY GREENBIE

THE "satiable curiosity" which (according to Kipling) was the cause of the prolongation of the Elephant's Child's nose, and which gave him an excellent weapon with which to turn round and spank all his elder spankers, is perhaps as good an explanation of biological law as any, though it does fortify us in the belief in acquired characteristics. In the case of European history *vis-a-vis* the Orient, it is most certainly true. For it was European curiosity that led the white race in the direction of the Orient and soon gave Europe more than an efficient weapon with which to subdue Asia. We are now inclined to disavow this connection, to claim our science and our civilization as the product solely of our genius, at most, the offspring of a contact with Greece and Rome. But scorn China as we may, it cannot long remain obscured that much of our modern art, literature, and political thinking was greatly influenced by, if not actually conceived in the *liason* with China during the 18th and early 19th centuries.

It will come as a great shock to people to read in this excellent study of Europe and China that from Leibnitz to Goethe, Confucius and Lao Tzu were more popular than any other great thinkers of the age. That Voltaire should have been an ardent disciple of Confucius will rather please those who scorn his tenets. Yet, we are told by Reichwein that this is so, and he proves his assertions. He says:

> It is curious to observe as an example of the irony of History, the fact that it was the Jesuits themselves, the intermediaries *par excellence* between the enlightenment of ancient China and that of the eighteenth century, who placed in the hands of Voltaire and the other Encyclopædists the weapons which were one day to be turned against themselves. Voltaire, the most dangerous enemy of the Jesuits throughout the whole century, was educated in a Jesuit college, and gained there his first knowledge of China. The Brothers talked with admiration of the religion of the Mandarins, and with contempt of the superstition of the Bonzes. Voltaire gathered here the information which he later used in his attacks on those Fathers who now opened their minds to him so frankly and unsuspectingly.

For over a century, the Rococo in art had been softly wooing the European mind, impressing itself with freshness and variety upon the modes and manners of Europe. But the traffic that brought the silks and the porcelains of Asia to Europe could not but excite the intellectual curiosity of the people as well. Exalted and somewhat exaggerated notions of the Chinese followed; their virtues, their morality and their tolerance, their ease and graciousness, their loyalty and political quietude—all these things were dwelt upon and held up to harsh, bickering European rulers and people as examples to be followed and reflected upon. It would soon become monotonous in a short review to bring forward the essential points that prove the influence of China on Europe through that century. The author has had to resort to hints and phrases for his evidence, but that makes it none the less convincing. We have seen where Voltaire got his impressions of China. Montesquieu, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, Quesnay were no less definitely affected by the reports and the translations that came pouring into Europe from the Celestial Empire.

The effect of the culture of the west was not limited to continental Europe. In England, under the influence of Pope and Addison, the transformation became manifest in landscape architecture which for the time changed the face of England. The Duke of Kent converted his estate into a Chinese garden, with modified pagodas and a medley of foreign works of art, and set the vogue for others all the way to Holland and Germany, leaving its imprint on the time in paintings.

Unfortunately, the author of "China and Europe" stresses mainly the consequences to German thought, ending with a chapter on Goethe. This is no serious criticism, for it would be sufficient for us if within each country there were those who delved deeper into their cultural origins than the historical method seems to allow. The revelation he has made should be enough to cause others to trace the less obvious sources of occidental thought, and not take too much for granted. Whether by accident or plan, the tendency of great men seems to be to cover up the tracks by which they arrived at their conceptions. To read this chapter on Goethe is to wonder both at the critics who have analyzed him before, and the historians who have pretended to give us a true picture of Europe; for step by step we see how much the thought of China played its part in the mind of the poet. But it is interesting to see that even so great a genius as Goethe came to China by way of translations of Confucius, and missed Lao Tzu altogether, thus being controlled in part by accident rather than by design.

If this was so of the poet, how much more so it is true of the world of people. As one finishes this study of the interplay of the cultures of East and West one is amazed that so little of its concrete evidence should have found its way into general historical treatises. Neither in our own history, nor in the average history of Europe, do we find more than casual references to this stimulating contact. Every fifty years we should take inventory of our cultural stocks a little better.

## Naval History

THE NAVAL SIDE OF BRITISH HISTORY. By GEOFFREY CALLENDER. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by GUYSBERT BOGERT VROOM U. S. N.

THE British Navy has been fortunate in its historians, from Pepys's day onward. Its ships and fleets, and the individuals who commanded them, have been invested with such living and vivid personalities as to make the written record of their achievements as readable and even as thrilling as a historical novel, and that without deviation from fact.

In this respect, Professor Callender has unquestionably achieved a notable success in presenting within the limits of a single volume, the story of the rise of British sea power, which is, in effect, the story of some of the most momentous political situations of the past four centuries, whether measured in terms of trade, fanaticism, empire, or personal aggrandizement. From Philip II to Wilhelm II, all the would-be innovators and conquerors of Western Europe, whose grandiose plans have led them beyond the seas, have dealt at last with British sea power, and passed from the political scene. The most striking feature of Professor Callender's volume is the clarity with which the successive steps of the rise of British sea power are linked not only with the policies of Kings and nations, but with the character of administrators ashore and commanders afloat. Without the pen pictures of the men whose individualities are an indissoluble part of the panorama, the book would lose its charm, and descend to the dull chronicle of dates, statistics, and technicalities.

It is not possible, while admiring "The Naval Side of British History" as a book of great interest and value, to pass unnoticed the rather contemptuous tone with which French tactics is treated, when the British admirals suffered from it. Thus, Keppel, Byron, and Graves each and severally had their rigging shot to pieces in fleet actions, and found themselves unexpectedly in urgent want of dockyard repairs; so urgent, in fact, that they were forced to leave the field to the French who, declining further combat, proceeded or, as Professor Callender says, "swaggered" off to accomplish their aims elsewhere. The inference is plain that the French ought to have followed the British "Fighting Instructions," and laid their ships alongside "like mediæval knights tilting in the joust yard," or at least given due notice of their intentions. They did no such thing, but, having loaded their guns with chain-shot, bars, sickles, and other assorted chandlery, engaged at long range and brought the Britishers' masts and rigging about their ears. On the other hand, the innovations practiced by the British against the Spanish Armada, notably the use of fire ships, which dispersed the Spaniards from their anchorage to subsequent destruction, elicit nothing but praise. (One wonders what the Spanish historian's reaction would be.) Since Byron and Graves, however, by their failure to digest the significance of Keppel's discomfiture, respectively lost Granada, and failed to relieve Cornwallis at Yorktown, Professor Callender's bias may be excusable. Less understandable is the summation of the causes of the American War of Independence. This reads, " . . . George III.'s error in *asking* the American colonies to help him to defray the cost of a war which the motherland had conducted on their behalf."

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# Foreign Literature

## Martin and His Angel

MARTIN LE VISIONNAIRE. By G. Lenotre. Paris: Librairie Académique Perrin et Cie. 1924. (New York; Brentanos).

Reviewed by Philips Siff

If Thomas Martin, the subject of M. Lenotre's historical monograph, had been born in the mystic Middle Ages, when men discussed gravely how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, he might have become a great spiritual leader, or achieved a glorious martyrdom in the midst of burning fagots. But it was his misfortune to arrive in the militantly realistic early nineteenth century, when angels were looked upon as being not in the best of taste. And so, although Martin established the fact that a peasant may talk to a king, he was regarded askance by the neighbors during the greater part of his life and promptly forgotten after his death.

For Thomas Martin, farmer of the little French village of Gallardon, was a lineal descendant of Jeanne d'Arc. In this detailed study, M. Lenotre has written an account of Martin's encounters with his "Angel" during the period 1816-1834. It was while Martin was working in the fields that the angel first appeared to him and bade him warn Louis XVIII of dangers menacing the kingdom. The following is the rustic's own description of his celestial visitor: "He was of medium height and very slender, clad in a long ulster that covered him from his neck to his feet, and wearing a high hat." As the author justly points out, this description alone is sufficient evidence of Martin's good faith, for who but an Anatole France could have invented such a costume for an angel! This was but the first of a series of visits that resulted in Martin's journeying to Paris, where he was questioned by the clergy, the police, and even forced to submit to the ignominy of an examination by several alienists. The peasant was finally granted his interview with Louis XVIII, and made the gouty old monarch weep by means of his dire prophecies.

The book is of a type of historical writing that has no exact counterpart on this side of the Atlantic, the nearest approach to it being found in the "psychographs" of Gamaliel Bradford. But the latter writer psycho-analyzes his subjects and endeavors to determine their motives, whereas M. Lenotre writes of his hero in the straightforward, objective manner of the old chronicles, documenting his work at every step with references to unpublished correspondence and the official archives. But in spite of the fact that the author has attempted simply to report the facts without drawing any moral from them, the total effect of the tale is one of immense and grotesque irony. Martin himself is made an incredible and yet real figure as his career is traced from the historic interview with the king through the degrading period when he prophesied at tea-parties for the entertainment of fashionable ladies; and into the closing years, when he acted as a maker of vicarious pilgrimages for credulous folk who considered it greatly to their advantage to have as emissary a man on such intimate terms with the Creator. There is a truly Voltairean touch in his ignominious taking off by acute indigestion. In addition to Martin, there is a whole gallery of fascinating characters, drawn with a light, clear touch and giving one an accurate impression of Restoration France: Decazes, the sceptical, wily Minister of Police who regarded the mystic only as a political irritant; the naïve Abbé Laperruque, who considered that in his parishioner Martin a true avatar of Isaiah walked the earth; and the fantastic German clockmaker Naundorff, who, without knowing a single word of French dared to lay claim to the throne of France.

The book shows evidence on every page of the great amount of research that has gone into its making, but it has been done with such a light and graceful Gallic touch that we have an absorbing human document as well as a work that will in all likelihood remain the authority on this obscure historical figure whose life at several points intersected the destiny of France.

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In his "Le Saint Siège, l'Eglise Catholique et la Politique Mondiale" recently published in Paris (Colin), Maurice Pernot presents a survey of the attitude of the Vatican towards the Powers, the peoples, and the churches not under its rule. American readers will find of special interest his chapters on the remarkable growth of Roman Catholicism in the United States.

## Melodrama

L'IMPASSE DES PLAISIRS, Vol. 1 in the series "Les Cahiers Anonymes." Paris: Andre Delpeuch. 1925.

It is in a spirit of almost militant modesty that the series "Les Cahiers Anonymes" has been launched on the literary sea. Having as its guiding principle St. Thomas Aquinas's maximum, "May it please you to remain unknown and to be considered as nothing," the series will be issued anonymously to a wondering world, with an invitation to the reader to guess the author of each book.

As the editor says in his high-sounding foreword: "Behind this anonymity are concealed some personalities who are foreign to the world of letters; some artists too proud to brave the compromises of the literary conflict, and even some authors already known to the public." It may be that the innovation is simply an attempt on the part of a long-suffering publisher to trap the unwary reviewer.

The present volume is a sensational story of passion and intrigue, having for background the inscrutable Egyptian desert. It is melodrama pure and simple, the villain being Rodolphe Berty, a handsome and dissolute Parisian rake, or "male vampire," as he is seriously termed in the story. Not content with his two faithful mistresses, Rodolphe conceives an overwhelming desire for Claire, the loving *amie* of Pierre Chantelle, a French poet of noble and sensitive nature. One glimpse of Claire on the deck of a Mediterranean boat is sufficient to inflame the impressionable Berty, who embarks upon a passionate pursuit which carries him to Luxor, where, in the shadow of the tombs of the Pharaohs, is played the final act of the drama. The conclusion is catastrophic, with the harried Claire a suicide, and the over-ardent Rodolphe dead as the result of a duel with Pierre.

The book is written with gesticulations, so to speak. The characters are forever striking attitudes and delivering themselves of strained and contorted sentiments, while the author loses no opportunity to interrupt the narrative with pages of pretentious "philosophy" and comment. Sexual love is represented with the usual florid realism of the popular French novel, and the author has succeeded in making adultery almost as much a matter of course as an Englishman's daily bath, and as unexciting. The redeeming features of the novel are a few passages of acute analysis of the neurotic heroine, and several colorful and sensitive descriptions of the Nile.

## Foreign Notes

Sixteenth century Lyons, which had a cultured society and considerable literary activity, boasted among its other practitioners of the literary art three poets who wrote in the vulgar tongue, Maurice Sceve, Pernette du Guillet, and Louise Labe. Their verses have from time to time found representation in anthologies and have had individual publication. The best of them have now been culled and issued in a single volume with an excellent prefatory essay by Joseph Aynard. "Les Poètes Lyonnais, Précurseurs de la Pléiade" (Paris: Bossard) will serve to give those interested in the period of the florescence of Lyons an interesting insight into one of its developments.

In his "Graf Udos Seele" (Halle: Sonnemann) Wilhelm Just has written a psychological novel depicting the influence exerted by the soul through the energy of a strong will. The hero of the book, Graf Udo, is a man of mysterious strength of mind which is exerted ruthlessly and which overcomes the hearts of the beautiful and highly-strung women among whom his lot is laid. The stress of the novel is laid upon the effect of the suggestive powers which the mentality of one individual has over that of another.

The Société d'Edition "Les Belles Lettres," 95, Boulevard Raspail, which has already published a collection of Greek and Latin authors in French translations under the patronage of the Association Guillaume Budé, is about to undertake the publication of translations of the best modern authors. Among the first of these will be the writings of Shakespeare, hitherto published by Dent et fils.

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# A Letter From Paris

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

THERE are some French women who never cease to be written about, not only because of their own productions but because of what others thought of them and their work, and more often still because of their friendship with men of talent or genius. A new book of this kind is "Madame de Staël et François de Pange" (Plon), by Comtesse Jean de Pange. The author is the great grand-daughter of that Duc de Broglie who married Madame de Staël's daughter, and is also related by marriage to the de Pange family, which has brought into her possession the necessary unpublished letters and documents for her subject. François de Pange was a young aristocrat of talent and personal seduction whom several titled women loved, and for whom Madame de Staël had a devoted friendship which lasted until his early death at the age of thirty-two. Her letters to him exhibit a forceful character in its more feminine phases. "I have sometimes thought of devoting myself to you," she writes, "but never of your devoting yourself to me. It is the one who has most need of the other who must submit, and how many times have I not told you that I have no empire over myself, that I can be sustained only by affection, and that I should utterly fail if no one interested himself in me." This confession would have delighted Sainte-Beuve, who had such admiration for the personality of the writer.

Other interesting correspondence is contained in "Napoléon III et le Prince Napoléon" (Calmann-Lévy), which has been edited by Ernest d'Hauterive, and throws new light on the history of the Second Empire and the personality of the two Napoleons, who lived at the heart of affairs and exchanged their views in these letters.

As Amy Lowell wrote the fullest life of Keats, so that remarkable English woman, Mary Duclaux (Mary Robinson Darmesteter), more European than English, wrote a biography of Victor Hugo three years ago which is richer than all the rest and the most impartial. This is a high tribute, for no writer has been more written about by his friends and admirers than Hugo. Later a French biography was confided to Mary Duclaux which has now appeared (Plon), and which contains the substance of the English one. One French critic says that, satiated as people are with books about Hugo, no one would have attended to this new biography had not Mary Duclaux's name appeared on the title page. Her style is piquant, even humorous at times.

Roland Dorgèles, who wrote "Les Croix de Bois," one of the most sincere and moving, robust and realistic books written by an ex-combatant of the Great War, has published a narrative of his travels in Indo-China under the title "Sur la Route Mandarine" (Albin Michel). Dorgèles does not weave a spell over his reader as Loti does, but he describes well, tells the truth about things as he sees it—not always pleasant truth—and takes his reader with him to this curious country with its temple to Confucius, its gilded Buddhas, its singing, braceletted women, its rather banal tiger hunts, and its boatmen chanting as they propel their sampans along a quiet little river.

Another exotic book of special interest is "Masako" (Librairie Stock), written by Kikou Yamata, a young woman born of a Japanese father and a French mother, who passed the first twenty-five years of her life in Japan and writes about it in this her first book, charmingly written in French. She lived in a society to which no Westerner had access, and tells of things which travellers in general do not know about but will be interested to learn.

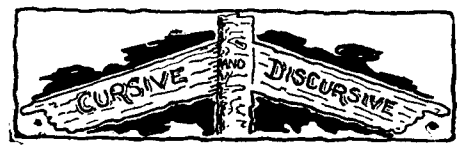
After Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," with its brilliant effort to convert a remote historical character into an everyday girl-around-the-house, comes Joseph Delteil's "Jeanne d'Arc" in which he outshaws Shaw but with a wholly different method. Delteil is almost surrealistic, and furthermore is excessively French in his frankness. The book is accepted here as both good and bad; talent the author assuredly has, but his art is crude—a modern mixture, or shall we say mix-up, of past and present and everything else thrown in. The idea of some of these young Frenchmen is to abolish time, space—all but their own fresh impressions. The reader is either disdainful or wholly interested." A French critic reminds M. Delteil that if he would cease trying to be an enemy of "civilization," as he boasts of being, if he would condescend to compose and arrange his material, he would soon see "that the sublime (his object) and the barbarous spirit do not go together. He believes that sincere inspiration and art exclude each other. Nevertheless, the authentic masterpieces are born of these two elements joined by the work of a strong mind and a noble soul."

Travellers and artists who love Brittany will enjoy André Chevrillon's book "L'Enchantement Breton" (Plon), in which he fixes impressions of that famous French province as it was from twenty to thirty years ago. It has changed since then—especially under the terrible awakening influence of the Great War. The old fine, naïve Breton ways are swiftly vanishing. But Cornouailles, in the south, remains more like its former self than any other Breton neighbohood, and there the visitor may still find many of the picturesque costumes and customs of the past. Chevrillon writes exceedingly well, his descriptions are vivid and sensitive, and he presents a pageant of old religious observances, village manners, fishermen's lives, traits of character, and Breton landscape which lovers of the country so much appreciated by painters will enjoy. This volume will soon be followed by another on the same subject entitled "Derniers Reflets à l'Occident."

Of all people the French are the most faithful to their dead poets. On May 24th the city of Castelnaudary celebrated its ancient troubadour, Arnaud Vidal, who on May 3rd, 1324, won the first prize given by the Collège du Gai Savoir at Toulouse for his song in honor of the Virgin Mary. He also won the title of Docteur en Gaie Science. His prize-winning poem is not a work of genius but a formal tribute in *langue d'oc*, learnedly composed. A few weeks earlier the Acadèmie des Jeux Floraux, at Toulouse, féted the *langue d'oc* and the seventh century of its own existence.

An interesting publication in *langue d'oc* is "Lo Libre dels Auzels," (The Book of the Birds), by Antonin Perbosc (Editions Occitania, Paris-Toulouse), one of the best poets of this literature. He recounts the marvellous story of the birds, some episodes of which are connected with the life of Jesus and owe their origin to the apocryphal writings.

M. Louis Brandin, who occupies the French chair at Oxford, published "Berthe au grand pied." It is evident that the success of M. Joseph Bédier's "Tristan et Iseult" has induced these other restorations of mediæval epics. But M. Brandin, like his predecessor, has achieved an undoubted literary success in blending Adenet's version with another by an unknown *jongleur.*




WE think it about time that some enterprising American publisher produce a uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Hubert Bland. And who, you may reply, *is* Mrs. Hubert Bland. Well, she is the "E. Nesbit" who has written for children

The Story of the Treasure Seekers
The Would-Be Goods
Five Children and It
New Treasure Seekers
The Story of the Amulet
The House of Arden
The Phoenix and the Carpet
The Enchanted Castle
Wet Magic
Harding's Luck
Nine Unlikely Tales.

Yes, and she also wrote "Wings and the Child" a book on the building of magic cities, and "The Red House," and "The Literary Sense," the last a book of pleasant but outdated short stories. It is by her work for children that she lives and will always live. Just last Spring during the illness of a small boy in the family we found that the books he chiefly clamored for were the works of E. Nesbit. And we remember years ago that quite as near a relation of ours, also of the male gender, devoured all the above stories one after the other with almost incredible voracity.

E. Nesbit should be as classic as "Alice in Wonderland," "Water Babies," "The Admiral's Caravan," Mrs. Molesworth and the retinue of children's writers who have earned the purple. She never *wrote down* to children and she exercised to the full the most delightful imagination. She created the charming boys and girls of the House of Bastable and the five children who found the Psammead (pronounced sammy-ad; the young and ill gentleman referred to above at one time insisted upon characterizing this magic animal as the Palms-Mead!)

In H. R. Millar she finally found her illustrator *par excellence,* and we never recall her fascinating stories without recalling also the Millar illustrations. The stories used to appear in *The Strand Magazine* in its palmy days, and what days those were! Days when Conan Doyle and Grant Allen and Cutliffe Hyne were furnishing exciting yarns, when Paget and Gordon Browne were in the heydey of their illustrating. E. Nesbit's stories came at the end of the feast, next to the "Curiosities;" they ran serially; and they left one with one's tongue hanging out for the next number.

E. Nesbit created really jolly English children, bursting with mischief and full of the spirit of adventure and romance. She created natural children, soberly at home in the fantastical. She worked thoroughly in the material she chose for background. For an instance, "The Story of the Amulet" is dedicated to Dr. Wallis Budge of the British Museum, "as a small token of gratitude for his unfailing kindness and help in the making of it." When she whisked her modern children into Babylon, Egypt, or ancient Britain she recreated epochs reliably. And the exciting flow of incident never slackened.

In that most charming book on the making of magic cities, published a dozen years ago, E. Nesbit shows herself a parent of originality and beautiful common sense. The education that moves her to protest is the education that, in her own words, "forces the free foot into heavy boots and bids it walk on narrow pavement, which crushes with heavy hand the wings of the soul, and presses the flower of imagination flat between the pages of a lexicon." She speaks sage words as to parental discipline but shows how much insight is hers into that alien territory, the child mind. The scheme of playing at building magic cities involves the use of the things immediately around you, common household objects that can be transformed into pediments, pillars, and turrets of miniature palaces of dream. She would encourage and stimulate the natural ingenuity of children, their natural desire to be useful, the budding of their imaginations. Moreover, in all E. Nesbit wrote of and for children she underlined a fine code of fair play as well as the development of the imagination. She realized the clannishness of children against grown-ups, the bridge that can never quite be crossed no matter what the affection on both sides. She penetrated by means of vivid recollection and fine intuition into the imaginatively developing juvenile consciousness. "How did you know?" they wrote her. But, because she was born with the rare gift of understanding the chief interests of active youngsters, the things that most appealed to their fancy, she always knew.

That is why, as we said at first, E. Nesbit's children's stories should be available in this country in a uniform and new edition. She is now one of the writers of the past, but her tales retain their delightful freshness of fancy. Robert, Anthea, and Cyril are real children and appeal to real children. For that matter, because her narrative style is so good and her stories so naturally free of the cheap and tawdry and affected, they make better reading today for the adult than much of the exploited fiction of the hour.

W. R. B.

That witty journalist, Clément Vautel, has produced two books, "Mon curé chez riches" and "Mon curé chez les pauvres" (Albin Michel), which have been the joy of thousands of Parisians and have had unusual sales.

"Gyp" (Comtesse de Martel), who still has her admirers among the elder generations, publishes a new novel, "Mon ami Pierrot" (Flammarion); and Jacques de Lacretelle, whose novel "Silbermann" had its vogue in 1922, brings out a new novel, "La Bonifas" (Nouvelle Revue Française).

Books That Will Endure—Houghton Mifflin Co.

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"General Maurice has planned his work as if it were a military campaign, driving straight towards his objective, massing skillfully his facts to be brought to bear and refusing to be diverted . . . Sure of a place of honor in the growing bibliography of the great Confederate leader."—*New York Times.*
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**THE CRUISE OF THE NONA**
**By Hilaire Belloc**

"With the same joy of living, the warm vitality that have irradiated all his travel books, he makes many an hour at night, or by day, vividly real. He carries us out into the jolly, open, happy world."—*New York World.*

"The most beautiful book Mr. Belloc has written for many years . . . A book of the old mixed kind which one feels from the first page to be a classic born."—*J. C. Squire* in the *London Observer.* $4.50

**EDWARD EVERETT**
**By Paul Revere Frothingham**

"One of the most interesting biographies of the last five years. . . . It can easily be classed with Beveridge's 'Life of John Marshall' in interest."—*New York Sun. Illustrated.* $6.00

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# The New Books

**The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.**

## Belles Lettres

OUR SUSSEX PARISH. By THOMAS GEERING. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $3.

This volume is of value chiefly as source material for the historian and novelist. It was written more than forty years ago by the son of a ploughboy who later became a prosperous cobbler, and was himself in his mature life a successful tradesman and prominent member of the parish. Years after publication Mr. Arthur Backet came upon the book, and it so delighted him that he recently set about to edit and to preface the present edition.

The book describes in the main the various activities that made up the life of the typical parish of a half century ago, devoting chapters to such village institutions as the church, the home, the school, tithes; sketching such town personages as the witch, the beadle, the barber, the local poet, the antiquary; and discoursing on such topics as The Paper Ghost, Beer: the Poor Man's Beverage, Highway Robbery, The Wood Nymphs. Throughout the author had the story of Hailsham in mind, and each essay is closely related to the parish and contributes an integral part to the total picture. In each essay also he imparts homely bits of humor and his healthy attitude to the life which he describes.

ESSAYS. By *Hartley Coleridge*. Duffield. 75 cents.

BOILEAU AND THE FRENCH CLASSICAL CRITICS IN ENGLAND. By *A. F. B. Clark*. Paris: Champion.

A SHAKESPEARE HANDBOOK. By *Raymond M. Alden*. New York: Crofts.

HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT. By *Elizabeth Hazelton Haight*. Dutton. $3.

## Biography

JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO. By PAUL WILSTACH. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $5.

To few men is it given to mold the institutions of a young and growing nation. To Thomas Jefferson came such an opportunity. To him more than to any other one man we owe our ideals of democracy, of liberty, and of opportunity for the common man. Author of the Declaration of Independence, our first Secretary of State, our first sole Minister Plenipotentiary to France, our third President, he stamped his transcendent genius indelibly on our social and political institutions. Because of his profound influence on American life, his Virginia home, Monticello, has become a shrine of the nation no less, indeed, than Mount Vernon, the home of Washington.

From his early youth he planned how he might make this home the shelter of all that was near and dear to him. It was here as a young man he brought his bride in the dead of winter. It was here his children were born. It was here as a man of mature years he found relaxation from the cares and responsibilities that his countrymen had thrust upon him.

When he built Monticello there was no architect in America worthy of the name, no building on the American continent from which he could draw inspiration. Realizing this, he drew his own plans, and the results reflect his æsthetic tastes and refined judgment. His architectural drawings still survive. A comparison of this material with the works of the Italian architect, Andrea Palladio, show that he drew largely from the latter as a source of his inspiration. That he was no mean architect the early buildings of the University of Virginia still attest. A distinguished French traveller, who visted Jefferson at his home said of him, "Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

Jefferson's whole life was bound up so intimately with his home that this history of Monticello becomes in a very real sense an intimate portrait of the man himself. The great Virginian is depicted here not as the statesman, the philosopher, and the scientist, but as the loving husband, the tender father, and the kindly neighbor and friend.

STORIES OF OLD IRELAND AND MYSELF. By SIR WILLIAM ORPEN. Holt. 1925. $3.50.

Sir William Orpen, before he expanded into a knight and painter-in-ordinary to the mighty men of England, was a Dublin boy. Now some fortunate impulse drives him to write a book of his early Irish reminiscences. He seems to recall all the big Dublin excitements from the Phoenix Park affair to the wild unumvirate of Jim Larkin. Fortunately, perhaps, he is not at all a chronicler. Somebody will no doubt write a long, enlightening account of Irish life and thought from 1880 to 1920, very meaty and improving, in his place. Sir William can do and has done a much more entertaining thing. His pen flits over the expanse of time, events, and people, mayfly fashion, touching now here now there. Oliver Gogarty pulling the emergency cord so that George Moore may enjoy a car-window view that he would "give pounds to see for a few minutes;" the sacking of Burke, the great tennis professional, at the Lansdowne Club; William O'Brien in prison trouserless, on strike against the broad arrow; how Hugh Lane, the art collector, had genius as a hairdresser, and loved to deck young ladies for Court or balls—such things are not history, but they are the sort of touches that fingerprint times and places. As one now out of it all, perhaps Sir William takes a bit of mischievous pleasure in defying the jurisdiction of his old townsfolk and printing what some of them might censor if they could. None the less his temper is kindly, and his reminiscence is tinged with a little of absentee wistfulness. The book is full of reproductions of paintings and sketches by the author dealing with Irish subjects.

JOHN KEATS. By *Sir Sidney Colvin*. Third Edition. Scribners. $7.50 net.

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO. By *Lieut. Col. O. L. Hein*. Putnam's. $3.75.

## Fiction

THE WAY OF STARS. By L. ADAMS BECK. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

Mr. Beck's romance is a rather heavy variation of the venerable reincarnation theme. But he has bolstered it up substantially by introducing a number of modern elements which go far toward saving it from tedium and mediocrity. Of course, one is not surprised to read in the book's early stages of how young Miles Seton and his friend Conway, adventurous Egyptologists, discover the tomb of the ancient and evil Queen Nefert. Most of us know she was there all the time, but little did we dream of the fearful potencies possessed by the mystic ring of which Seton covertly relieved the sacred remains.

All is not simple and serene, for here enters a suave and nefarious citizen of the

(*Continued on next page*)

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The French viewpoint of this extremely well-written study of Fielding, the influences which produced his novels and the novels themselves gives an unusual interest to this book. $4.50

**The Pilgrimage of Henry James**
By VAN WYCK BROOKS
A literary biography which seems to many the most important book so far published in 1925. *The Herald-Tribune* in BOOKS says: "Mr. Brooks has extended the boundaries of criticism and has opened before us an endless vista of possibilities in its development." $2.50

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# The New Books

## Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

world, the handsome and fascinating Mr. Revel. He craves the magic ring to aid him in his project of inciting the peaceful natives of India to revolution. Naturally those awful Russian Bolshevists are behind the uprising, which proves sanguinary in the extreme. This line of the book is splendidly handled and completely interesting, but we mourn the fact that Mr. Beck constantly interrupts it for long and flatulant passages which dwell upon Hindu faddle-daddle, thought transference, hypnotism, second sight, trance visions, and similar hocus-pocus. We were not the least scared or impressed, only disappointed that so competent a hand could wander utterly astray.

THE PASSER-BY AND OTHER STORIES. By ETHEL M. DELL. Putnam. 1925. $2.

Ethel M. Dell is a story teller, and she probably glories in the fact that she is nothing else. Year after year she produces her ephemeral tales, and year after year she is satisfied, necessarily or not, by the mere thought of countless readers and almost as many worshipers. What Meredith Nicholson (against his will) and George Barr McCutcheon are to the more matured sentimentalists and romanticists, Ethel M. Dell is to about every chimerical damsel and youth in the country. She cannot, however, be accused of sensationalism, as her work for the most part is noticeably clean. No, she appeals to an even more susceptible side of human nature—the love for the dramatic, romantic, and impossible.

The last three words with emphasis on "impossible" might do very well to describe her latest group of short stories. In fact, with the exception of one, "The Tenth Point," they are so highly improbable as to be silly. They are fairy tales minus the endearing embellishments.

Two stories dealing with the aftermath of the war, two, one a sequel to the other, about the all-conquering American abroad, and "The Tenth Point," a story of the nine points of possession and the tenth point, honor, make up the group of five.

The features which raise "The Tenth Point" above its mates are that it might very well have happened, it possesses a maxim of true life, and it presents the most vivid description of the sensations which accompany a first flight in an aeroplane we have ever read. For that we are grateful.

A GOOD MAN. By *George F. Hummel.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE FIRE WOMAN. By *W. P. Lawson.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE LOVE COMPLEX. By *Thomas Dixon.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THIS OLD MAN. By *Gertrude Bone.* Macmillan. $2.50.

THE SMITHS. By *Janet A. Fairbank.* Bobbs-Merrill.

THE CARILLON OF SCARPA. By *Flora Klickmann.* Putnams $2.50.

THE SEINE MYSTERY. By *Cleveland Moffett.* Dodd, Mead $2.

BLACKSHIRT. By *Bruce Graeme.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE BEAUTY PRIZE. By *George Weston.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

UP THE RITO. By *Jarvis Hall.* Penn.

## History

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL, 1775. By HAROLD MURDOCK. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

This is an attractive reprint of Mr. Murdock's three papers on "Historic Doubts on the Battle of Lexington," "The British at Concord," and "Earl Percy's Retreat to Charlestown." It is a thoroughly scholarly and readable account of the events of the famous day, sifting the historic from the legendary, eminently judicial in tone, and fair to friend and foe. The sketch should be read by all those interested in the first clash with Great Britain and those whose impressions are derived from old-fashioned school histories and Longfellow's poems. Together with French's recently published "Day at Lexington and Concord" it is prayerfully recommended to over-zealous patriotic societies and the begetters of "pure history" laws.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864 IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA AND THE EXPEDITION TO LYNCHBURG. By *H. A. Du Pont.* New York: National American Society. $2.50.

A GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By *Lucien Febore.* Knopf. $6 net.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *M. Dorothy George.* Knopf.

EGYPT. By *E. A. Wallis Budge.* Holt. $1.

THE SEA, THE SHIPS AND THE SAILOR. By *Captain Elliot Snow.* Salem, Mass: Marine Research Society.

THE ROMAN COLONATE. By *Roth Clausing.* Longmans, Green.

## Miscellaneous

THE SOIL AND CIVILIZATION. By MILTON WHITNEY. Van Nostrand. 1925. $3.

The author, who is chief of the Bureau of Soils of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, says that if our farmers gave as much attention and study to our soils as they do in England the yield of wheat per acre would be thirty bushels instead of sixteen. He instances the Goodwin sands, to show that the same sand which has, wet, sucked thousands of ships and men into its maw may, on the Norfolk coast and our own Atlantic seaboard, dry, produce early vegetables to feed millions. The tragedies of the soil are found in the ruin of those who till them without study. They are not less awful, though less spectacular, than those of the battlefields.

The characteristics of a soil, like those of an animal, are its color, skeleton, tendons and muscles, colloidal linings, digestive system, respiratory system and circulatory system. The soil is truly a living thing. Plowing, cultivation, rotation of crops, manures, as well as the adaptation of the soil to the crop must be carefully studied if success is to be attained.

THE COMPLETE SCIENCE OF FLY FISHING FOR TROUT. By FREDERICK G. SHAW. Scribners. 1925. $6.

Mr. Shaw has here given us comprehensive and exhaustive treatment of a subject dear to the hearts of all lovers of Piscatorial art. Like the majority of Englishmen who engage in any particular field of sport, Mr. Shaw is thorough as to detail, and as a teacher exact in the matter of instruction. From the moment we open the first page of the book, it becomes evident that we are dealing with a sportsman of fine fibre—a sportsman who has made a life-long study of this most delightful of sporting pastimes. To him, a full reel is of less consequence than the method and manner employed in the taking of a fish.

If the greater part of "The Science of Fly Fishing for Trout" has to do with the technicalities of casting and the explanation of those delicate points of accuracy which are essential to the art of wet and dry fly fishing, there is much besides that will be read with pleasure and profit not only by amateurs but by experienced fishermen as well. The chapter devoted to water insects alone is of great value in instructing one in the proper selection of flies. Knowledge of trout food, water, and weather conditions is not held by all who go fishing, yet these things are important factors to success and especially so with regard to fly-fishing.

The natural history of the trout, Piscaculture, rods, reels and tackle in general, are all treated with the same deliberation and painstaking care, the same unflagging zest in the matter of detail with which the book abounds. Careful study of this volume coupled with a moderate amount of practice in casting, should equip the novice to take his place on the bank of a trout stream with no small chance of success. Theory and practice must of course go hand in hand, but it cannot be doubted for a moment that Mr. Shaw has contributed generously to the teaching of a sport which requires patience and skill and by so doing has enriched the field of sporting literature.

WEBSTER'S POKER BOOK. Simon & Schuster. 1925. $2.50.

It would seem that the midnight oil may be burned for other purposes than academic scholarship; that late sitters-up may be less concerned with studying the classics of the past than with conning the countenances of those present. H. T. Webster has evidently devoted much time and thought to this form of research. The fifty full-page cartoons which he has made of poker addicts constitute a sort of "Comédie Humaine" of the card table. Whether or not they have any value as art, there is no denying the fact that these pictures do present certain types of character, certain traits of American life, with trenchant keenness and verity. Mark Twain would have liked them.

Although the drawings themselves Tell All, there is accompanying text by George F. Worts, who discusses with bluff masculine humor—one might almost say brutal joviality—such matters as the hazards and harrowments of the game, the mathematical probabilities to be coped with, the stoicism necessary for a host who sees his guests nonchalantly burn cigar holes in the dining room rug, et cetera. We gather that there is a reasonable chance of winning the favor of Lady Luck, but none whatever of mollifying the Missus.

In addition to Mr. Worts's apt jocularities there is a brief foreword of forewarning by George Ade and an authoritative account of the theory and practice of poker by R. F. Foster. But the most curious feature of the volume is a small Appendix, of red tape, pendant from the back cover. But tugging it gently one coaxes forth a secret receptacle containing sheets of cardboard chip and I.O.U. blanks. Thus this tome is indeed a Drawer Poker Book.

EUPHON-ENGLISH AND WORLD-STANDARD ENGLISH IN AMERICA. By *M. E. DeWitt.* Dutton. $1.20.

THE GLIMERICK BOOK. By *Shaemas J. A. Witherspoon.* Glimerick Publishing Co., 342 Madison Ave., New York City.

THE ART OF TOWN PLANNING. By *H. V. Lanchester.* Scribners. $7.50.

HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN PRISONS. Prepared by The National Society of Penal Information. Putnam. $2.50.

A MAP OF THE WORLD OF KNOWLEDGE. By *Sidney Morse.* Baltimore: Arnold Co.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A NEWSPAPER. By *Leon Nelson Flint.* Appleton. $3.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY. By *J. Warren Stehman.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

CHATS ON FEATURE WRITING. By *H. F. Harrington.* Harpers. $2.75.

TEA-ROOM RECIPES. By *Lenore Richards* and *Nola Treat.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE WONDER BOOK OF PLANT LIFE. By *J. H. Fabre.* Lippincott.

IMPRISONMENT. *By Bernard Show. Brentanos.* 75 cents.

SPECIALIZED COURTS DEALING WITH SEX DELINQUENCY. By *George E. Worthington* and *Ruth Topping.* New York: Hitchcock. $3 net.

AUCTION BRIDGE SUMMARY. By *William C. Whitehead.* Stokes. $1.

## Travel

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY. By CLARA E. LAUGLIN. Hougton Mifflin. 1925. $3.

This successor to "So You're Going to Paris" has the same merits. It is not a guide book so much as a series of pleasant lectures on the background of history and biography which is a first essential in seeing Europe. The description is most of it of Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan, and, as is not the case with guide books, the text follows the traveler along accustomed ways, instead of leading him. A Baedeker or its equivalent should go with Miss Laughlin's book, and will be made much more useful and intelligible by the freer comment and ampler backgrounds of "So You're Going to Italy."

A SUMMER IN FRANCE. By LOUIS WRIGHT SIMPSON. Buffalo: The Otto Ulbrich Co. 1925.

This little record of pleasant travel intelligently done will please other travelers in France who may read it. There is nothing new in the book except the ever renewed enthusiasm of a good traveler.

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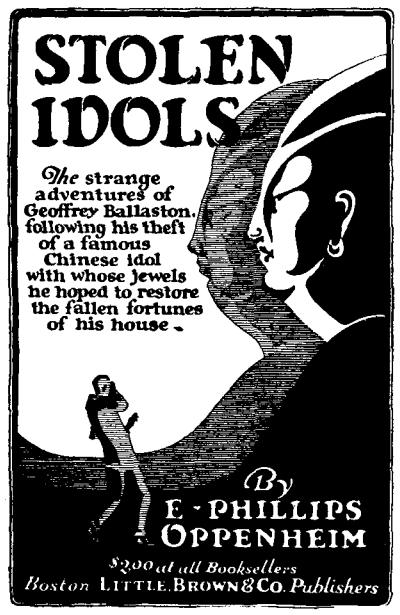
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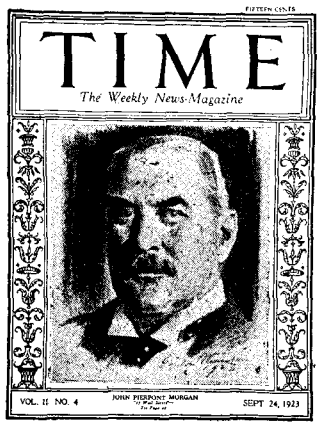


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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by May Lamberton Becker

**Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review.***

A BALANCED RATION

The Way of the Makers. By *Marguerite Wilkinson* (Macmillan).

New Writings by William Hazlitt. Collected by *P. P. Howe* (Dial Press).

Thunderstorm. By *G. B. Stern* (Knopf).

HERE come the hobbies, ridden to the rescue of K. S. P., Fort Monroe, Virginia. "My sympathies are with him," says R. P. R., Davenport, Iowa, "I wonder if he is familiar with a 'Book of Hobbies' recently published?"

"I have had almost every hobby disease known to restlessness, but I'm getting my biggest thrill out of leather and copper and metal work. I'm really more interested in leather. I take my pocket kodak and catch a tree or something of the sort that is interesting for tooling, work it out in leather, find a suitable poem or sentiment and I have a gift for a friend that has blessed us both. Sometimes I take my pencil sketch of a wildflower blossom, conventionalize it along the natural, decorative, or geometric line and work it into leather. You may forward my letter to K. S. P. if you think he will be interested, and I will be glad to put him in line with books, materials, and everything that is needed to add 'life to years and years to life.' I hope he's an enthusiastic hiker."

Now just listen to this from D. P. M., Columbia, Mo. She suggests as "fascinating and cultured and in-door," chess!

"Of course, there are dozens of books about it, but he ought to begin with the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica because it's the best. It is much more skilful than bridge, and though not as sociable, the chess-friendships of life are the deepest, I do believe, and most permanent, I devoutly hope, seeing as 'ow I taught Himself to play and thereby became Herself. As for possibilities as a source of income, let Mr. P. consider the early career of Alfred Kreymborg. To combine the requirement of mechanical skill, let him carve his own chess set and make his own board, the latter perferably inlaid on the top of a just-right-size table. And then (I'm getting more and more enthusiastic) you could run a little chess-corner for him in the *Guide* and I'll contribute two choice chess jokes. And later when he becomes very proficient (this is getting better and better) you must stage a chess tournament for him in the *Guide*, and we'll all play some games with him by correspondence. What could be more fascinating than carving the Queen's Knight with a tiny, tiny knife and polishing his clever nose with fine steel wool! And think what a delightful source this hobby furnishes for the names of things—for his summer cottage, Queen's Gambit; for his motorboat, Giusco Piano; for his wife, scholar's mate—and so on. Please tell him that life is very different after one learns the Evans Gambit."

And now for a sweep of the field from A. W. L., University of Wisconsin; who suggests for choice the following:—

GLASS BLOWING. Making colored glass models, glass flowers, etc., for museums, apparatus for laboratories, glass beads, etc. for jewelry.

MOUNTING SKELETONS OF SMALL ANIMALS. For Museums, schools, and exhibition purposes. Animals such as frogs, cats, dog, snakes, birds of several kinds, turtles, fish, etc., etc., can be easily obtained and prepared readily at home.

TAXIDERMY. Mounting Birds and Animals.

EXPERIMENTATIONS with animals and plants, on heredity, etc. For instance, mice and flies are easy subjects of experiments in selection. The field of opportunity is unlimited and the scientific results most interesting and satisfying. Many plants are suitable for similar selection.

COLORING LANTERN SLIDES for stereopticon use.

BOOKBINDING.

METAL WORKING.

LEATHER WORKING.

SKETCHING. Pen and Ink work. Oil Painting. Designing of all kinds, post cards, posters, etc.

MAKING CLAY MODELS OF CONTOUR MAPS for school use, etc.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS. Devising new tricks, or becoming expert for public performances. Much easier than one may anticipate.

TOY MAKING. Using wood, metal, etc. etc. Unlimited opportunity for ingenuity.

POTTERY MAKING, PAINTING ON CHINA, ETC.

EXPERIMENTS IN BACTERIOLOGY.

TAPESTRY, SEWING, ETC. DESIGNING OF HATS, WALL PAPER, LACE, ETC., in addition to PHOTOGRAPHY, SHIP CARVING, etc., already suggested.

NOW I know all about the trial of John Jasper. Scarce had the *Saturday Review of Literature* reached Winnipeg, Manitoba, than there came speeding to me for inspection, from H. Gerald Wade, Life President of the Dickens Fellowship there, his precious extra-illustrated copy of the report of the London trial, from shorthand notes of J. W. T. Ley, published by Chapman & Hall, 1914. Hard on its heels came from Dr. Howard Duffield, President of the Fellowship here, data on this and the two other trials, held in Toronto and in Philadelphia with the note, "wherever I discover anyone who has succumbed to the spell of this 'Mystery,' I feel an instinctive hankering to get in touch with them and mull over this half-told tale." Marian Bonner of the Providence Public Library wrote that the trial was reported in the *Literary Digest*, Feb. 7, 1914, p. 259 and that the *London Times* carried an account. "I am a Droodist," says she, "and you have set me off again re-reading 'Edwin' and the books you mention." Kate Noble of this city lends me an article by Stephen Leacock, bless him. For he restores my own belief—

"The trial of John Jasper, lay precentor of Cloisterham Cathedral in the county of Kent, for the murder of Edwin Drood, engineer," was heard by Mr. Justice Gilbert Keith Chesterton, sitting with a special jury of famous authors of which George Bernard Shaw was foreman, in King's Hall, Covent Garden, Jan. 17, 1914. "The Trial of John Jasper" was published by Jones and Evans, 77 Queen street, Cheapside. The Philadelphia trial was held in the Academy of Music (sold out a week in advance) in April, 1914. This was followed by one in Toronto in 1921. In each the judge and jury were prominent in the

(*Continued on next page*)

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**Speaking of Books**

**In the day's news**

is the American Institute of Graphic Arts's announcement of "The Fifty Books of 1925," among which is listed *Some Contemporary Americans.* Here Mr. Boynton has given us a modern discussion of the modern writers who are giving America an indigenous literature. He writes of Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, and Bostonia as a New Englander; of Masters, Sandburg, and Dreiser as a Chicagoan; and discusses Cabell, Mencken, and the short story. *Some Contemporary Americans.* By Percy H. Boynton. $2.00.

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this summer, tuck into your vacation bag a handy little syllabus that will lead you through the mazes of American literature. Here, in outline form, are listed and grouped the great American literary achievements with brief comments about them and their authors. *Syllabus of American Literature.* By William T. Hastings. 75 cents, postpaid 85 cents.

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# The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

literary world: the witnesses, characters in the novel, appeared in costume, and in London the whole thing took four hours and twenty minutes to get to a verdict of manslaughter. It is like getting a new Dickens novel to read the report, especially when G. B. S. jumps into the party with searching and irreverent questions. The report of the Philadelphia trial was privately printed for the Fellowship there (the Secretary is Mr. J. K. Thompson, 333 Saunders avenue, Philadelphia) and "Scenes from Dickens: Trials, Sketches and Plays," by J. E. Jones, was published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

Now—I wonder what other book, unfinished or not, would keep so many people so excited for so long!

*W. F. B., Lausanne, Switzerland, asks for reports in English on the "adepts and magicians of India," saying that he is "not interested in so-called metaphysical works dealing with the subject in a wildly speculative manner," but in genuine scientific information.*

I REFERRED the matter to Houdini, who has not only the largest library on record of the literature of illusion, but a remarkable theatrical collection in general, and he tells me not to believe the travellers' tales at all:

All the books I possess give the cold, clear facts that they are simple, clever sleight-of-hand performers, and all the miracles you read about, throwing a rope up and growing full-sized trees, which is a myth that was started by Chaucer. Their snake-charming prowess is remarkable, but nothing abnormal.

I want to go on record, irrespective of how high the authority is, that I claim that the tricks as mentioned above have never been performed, and I am personally willing to give $5,000 a week to anyone who will perform the throwing-the-rope-up-in-the-air in the open spaces. I have just received a clipping from London where they had brought an Indian adept over to show at the Wembley Exhibition. He was advertised greatly; 800 people bought admission tickets to see the rope-climbing trick, but the money was returned to the mob, the proprietor apologizing for the imported magician's inability to do the trick.

So what can I tell W. F. B. but to read any traveller's report and believe none? It is a land conducive to hallucinations, anyway.


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# Points of View

## Cyril Hume's Novel

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

"Cruel Fellowship" did not bowl me over. I found in it things that seemed very youthful, unduly so, perhaps, and better things that didn't seem distinctive. I could join in a deep compassion for Claude Fishers as a class, but not in Cyril Hume's for an un-gifted individual. At the same time I saw, and should have thought all clear eyes must see, that the novel was quite a performance, and that, following "The Wife of a Centaur," it established Cyril Hume as a young author to watch with respect.

The trouble with the review by George D. Meadows in your issue of June 13th appears to have been that Mr. Meadows got a book of a kind he ought never to get. That kind may be very large with him; it would probably include George Moore, and certainly anything cognizant of any modern idea of the sway of the libido in conduct and personality. He began by reviewing the "jacket," and when a mature reviewer does that, you can diagnose irritation past discernment. And he is mature. "Those of us whose literary categories and prejudices were moulded in the era that ended" when the war began. Mine were. They haven't petrified. "You're getting old," says a character of Shaw's, "and you try to make merit of it, as usual." I do not impute senescence to Mr. Meadows.

"Our apprenticeship to Meredith and James, and even our"—how liberal of us!—"acceptance of Hardy and Gissing, was no preparation for our service of those who now write 'merciless portraits of human souls.'" The "merciless portrait" wammus is not Hume's but the jacketeer's, and Mr. Meadows can be challenged to cite one merciless stroke of Hume's own. Hume was so afraid you would either find him sentimental or infer that he was telling his own story that he adopted the device of the sage, dispassionate commentator, South. But even South is not merciless, and as for Hume, if he were more so, he might be better off.

"The novel reeks of sex." That is, sex reeks; for the novel is utterly decent. "It is the emotional Odyssey of a mediocre and unattractive character"—exactly, and since it is interesting this is just the praise to give it—"from the precocious nastiness of certain scenes in his boyhood"—Who would have supposed that anybody, of any age, today, could so misdirect his indignation over that barn loft episode?—"to . . . an attack of passion compounded of romantic love and rampant sexuality for," Billy, correctly labelled. A hot froth of words at possibly the best thing in the book. "Could Mr. Hume so far have bent the knee to idealism as to let his Fisher pull himself out of this mess——" To idealism? To Mr. Meadows' taste in endings. Was that moulded by Meredith or James?

He praises the dog part, without the least indication that he understands it; he mentions the dog's "rather despicable puppyhood"—dear, dear! then, for he must himself make a pleasant ending for his castigation, he says the dog's death has "something of the sublimity of Greek drama." He admire's Hume's "sensitiveness for the moods of nature" and "description in which beauty becomes almost poignant." Of this "there can be no two opinions." Well, here is another. Some of "Cruel Fellowship's" nature stuff is charming, and some is the washiest writing Hume is guilty of.

I perceive that I betray irritation of my own. I know nothing about Mr. Meadows. Of congenial fiction he may be an accomplished and illuminating critic (though "Greek drama" and "poignant" lead me to doubt even that), but if so, why put him in a wretched light, and do a young author injustice, by letting him betray an unreasoning generic antipathy?

HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

## Washington Irving

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I wish information concerning manuscripts, diaries, journals, or letters written by or about Washington Irving, particularly those which have reference to his life prior to the year 1836. I shall be grateful for any assistance which may be offered me by your readers, and for your kindness if you will print this letter in full.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.
595 Whitney Avenue,
New Haven, Conn.

## Comfortable English

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Americans are generally supposed to have a genius for making themselves comfortable. The minority that is more deeply interested in things of the mind sees in this national ability a great spiritual danger. But there are ways in which intellectual people can imitate their practical fellows to advantage, and one way is making it more comfortable to express themselves. There are times when the *sermo vulgaris* is more logical, not to say more colorful than the speech of the educated. Unfortunately the mysterious "genius of the language" does not always influence the educated to recognize the occasional superiority of popular speech; and if the "genius of the language" declines to act, conscientious philologists (who in the days when they were called schoolmasters were satirized for being ignorant of the existence of this "genius") may take it upon themselves to speed up the process of natural evolution.

One of the instances of awkwardness in construction in what is called "correct English" is the locution "different from" which in the *sermo vulgaris* is "different than." When the phrase is made adverbial, in the *sermo vulgaris*, in such expressions as "he does it differently now than he used to" we have a perfectly simple and adequate statement. Whether it arose by analogy with such expressions as "he does it better than he used to" or not is of no importance in this connection. I merely argue that if "than" may be used as a conjunction to express comparison as in the sentence quoted, it is perfectly logical to use it as a conjunction to express contrast, since contrast and comparison are of the same psychological pattern. (We "compare with" and "contrast with," and not merely because of the common etymological element.)

Academic speech says "he does it differently from the way in which he used to"—which is awkward and long; vulgar speech says "he does it differently than he used to"—which is brief and simple. Is there any doubt of the superiority of the vulgar construction?

Another troublesome point in academic English is the absence of a contraction of the negative interrogative form for the first person singular of the verb "to be." We may say "aren't you?" or "isn't he?" but we have no equally short and unaffected way of asking the same question about the first person. The *sermo vulgaris* says "ain't." This comical little word is perhaps the most shocking that vigilant schoolteachers have to fight through "Good English" clubs. Now if "ain't" is used for the third person singular, I for one should sympathize with them in their distress, but perhaps on different grounds. I should object to the use of "ain't" in the third person singular for the pedantic reason that it never belonged to it originally and that the form has a contraction of its own. To the use of "ain't" in the first person singular I should have no objection whatever. If we may say "isn't he?" for "is not he?" why should we not say "ain't I?" for "am not I?"? The only cogent objection from academic people would be that "it simply isn't done." But the cogent counter-objection is that "it's simple when it *is* done."

A third difficulty and the last of those I discuss simply as instances of a great number is the capitalizing of the first singular of the personal pronoun. May I quote from a letter printed in Mr. Broun's column in the *New York World*:

". . . I should like to point out that there is no good reason for writing *i* with a capital letter, unless linguistic conservatism [more accurately, orthographic conservatism] is considered a good reason. In most other modern languages it is the second person that is politely distinguished by a capital. Perhaps the *i* is hateful to Professor Gauss for orthographic rather than phonetic reasons. [This mild irony is provoked by a statement in a book review written by Professor Gauss.] The diphthong *ai* is no more unpleasant in repetition than the vowels used in the other pronouns. But the written *I* standing up in a bold and rather uncompromising position does indeed make it more difficult for us to express ourselves personally with force and without being immodest."

RALPH MARCUS.
New York City.

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# The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

THE "FIRST" FINE "KASIDAH."

ONE of "The Fifty Books of 1925" selected as fine examples of typography and book making by the American Institute of Graphic Arts for exhibition at the Grolier Club and elsewhere was Burton's "The Kasidah," published in a limited edition of 2,000 copies by Alfred A. Knopf. This has been mentioned frequently as the "first" fine edition of "The Kasidah" printed in this country, which is a mistake.

The first fine edition of Sir Richard F. Burton's "The Kasidah," was published by Thomas Bird Mosher in Portland, Maine, in 1905. It was a medium quarto, limited to 125 copies on Van Gelder paper, 15 on Japanese vellum, and 10 copies on pure vellum parchment. It attracted much attention among lovers of fine typography and soon went out of print.

Mr. Mosher was frequently urged to reprint it, and in 1915 he brought out another edition of 250 copies, on Van Gelder paper, half vellum boards with Arabic design in gold on cover. There were, also, 20 copies on Japanese vellum, which were immediately sold out. This, too, was a medium quarto. A few copies, of this edition, we believe, still remain unsold.

The first "fine" edition of "The Kasidah" was, therefore, published twenty years ago; and the second, ten years later. Both rank high among the beautiful books that Mr. Mosher gave us. Mr. Knopf's edition cannot claim an earlier rank than the third "fine" edition, and is not comparable with either of the Mosher editions.

BOSWELL AND THE REVOLUTION

AN autograph letter that should make a strong appeal to the American Johnsonian collector will be sold at Sotheby's in London on July 1. It is a four-page quarto letter written by James Boswell to Dr. Hugh Blair on February 24, 1777, referring to the American War of Independence: Boswell writes:

"Will you forgive me, My dear Sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you a little in the spirit of sincere meekness, and with a sincere candor towards those who think differently from what I do. To enter at large upon the controversy concerning the Rights of the Americans, would be very improper in a friendly letter. It is enough for me to say that although no man in His Majesty's dominions is more attached to the Crown than myself, for I am indeed a Tory in the true sense of the word; and whatever I am, I am with warmth, yet after much study and thought I am of the opinion that Taxation of our Fellow Subjects in America by the Representatives of the King's Subjects in Britain, whose interests are not blended with theirs, as it is with yours and mine, though we are not represented, is inconsistent with the principles of our constitution of which the Americans are partakers as much as the Irish. I therefore think that the war against them is not only injudicious, but unjust, and that their resistance is not rebellion."

A DEFINITIVE EDITION OF CRANE

A NEW complete definitive edition of the writings of Stephen Crane will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., under the editorship of Wilson Follett, who has corrected existing versions of each story. A short introduction by some living writer of distinction will open each volume and these tributes to Crane's work and memory are planned to constitute an extraordinary recognition of the place which Crane has quietly taken among American writers. This definitive edition will contain twelve voulmes, 7½ by 5¼ inches, limited to 750 sets, printed on paper watermarked with the author's initials, bound entirely uncut, and each volume inserted in a special slip case. It is hoped to complete the publication of the set before the end of the year. There has been an increasing demand in the last two or three years for the first editions of Crane. Most of the material in this edition, because it has never been reprinted, is unknown to all save collectors, and is inaccessible save at collectors' prices. It is believed that this edition will contain so much new material that as a set it will make a strong appeal to the Crane collector.

BOOKSALES IN LONDON

THE active period in American booksales ends in May; in London, in July. The last two months have been a busy period in London auction rooms, with many Americans in attendance and good prices prevailing. Several important sales are yet to be held. On June 29 and 30, and July 1, an important sale will be held at Sotheby's in which selections from a dozen consignments will go under the hammer. For instance, there are first editions of Ainsworth, Dickens, Jefferies, and Surtees; books with colored plates; sporting books; publications of the Kelmscott Press; original drawings by Thackeray; a choice collection of books on angling; works on ornithology; books once owned by Napoleon; important early English literature; French illustrated books of the eighteenth century; rare Americana; and a selected portion of the Schlesinger collection of musical manuscripts. There is a fine series of literary letters addressed to Jacob Tonson (1656-1736), publisher and secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, including such famous names as Addison, Congreve, Dryden, Otway, Pope, Steele, Vanburgh, and Waller. An item sure to attract a great deal of attention is a British Legion Album the contents of which was brought together two years ago for disposal in aid of Field-Marshall Earl Haig's appeal for ex-service men. The book was allocated among the subscribers by ballot, and is now offered for sale by the winner. It contains a very remarkable collection of autograph letters, messages, inscriptions and quotations, signed; drawings in water-color, pen and pencil; and many signatures contributed by some 600 authors, musicians, artists, statesmen, naval and military leaders and other contemporary celebrities, laid down in a folio album of handmade paper and bound in full levant by Zaehnsdorf.

NOTE AND COMMENT

VOL. XXX of the "American Book Prices Current" will be published in July.

It is reported that the Nonesuch Press edition of the writings of William Blake has been oversubscribed.

The manuscripts of the late Oscar Fay Adams, author and lecturer, have been presented to the Boston Public Library by his literary executor.

A unique collection of the first editions of Thomas Love Peacock, comprising twenty-three volumes, said to be one of the best in existence, recently brought £130 at Hodgson's in London.

Recently in the same London sale in which a Kilmarnock Burns brought the record price of £1,750, the remarkably high price of £380 was paid for the rare, suppressed first editions of Lewis Carroll's "Adventures in Wonderland."

The renewal of interest in printing has resulted in a dearth of the literature pertaining to typographic arts, and dealers in second hand books find themselves short in a class of books which for a long time was in little demand and lay neglected on their shelves.

Samuel Butler's first editions present a singularly attractive field to the collector who has a fondness for difficult undertakings. It appears that 200 to 300 copies was about the a
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The current Caxton Head Catalogue issued by James Tregaskis, Great Russell Street, London, is devoted to English books printed prior to 1640, and to rare works of English literature of later date. Many famous collections are represented, among them Heber, Huth, and Christie-Miller. And here are many rare editions of George Wither, Thomas Fuller, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Andrew Lang, Milton, Shakespeare, Shirley, and Waller.

The highest price, £6,800, ever paid for an American book secured for Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the rare book dealer of this city, the translation into the Indian language of Richard Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," sold at the Royal Society's recent sale in London. John Eliot, apostle to the Indians in the middle seventeenth century completed the translation of this book and it was published in 1664 at Cambridge, Mass. It is the only known copy and was presented to the Royal Society in 1669 by Governor Winthrop of Connecticut.

The library of the late Frederick K. Trowbridge, banker and member of the Grolier Club, containing about 3,000 volumes, mostly in collector's condition, including a First Folio of Shakespeare and first editions of English authors of three centuries, together with many rare and valuable authors' manuscripts, has just been purchased by the Rosenbach Company of this city for upwards of $250,000, the most valuable private library to appear in the market this season.

Arthur Swann, manager of the book and print department of the American Art Association, has been elected vice president of the association. His many friends among collectors and in the book trade will be glad to hear of the recognition that has come to Mr. Swann.


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# The Phoenix Nest

A SELECTION from those of *James Stephen's* poems which he has found appeal to American audiences is about to be published under the title, "A Poetry Recital." * * * Those who heard Shaemas when he piroutted in our midst will be glad to find "The Paps of Dana," "Mary Hynes," "The Coolun," "Nancy Walsh," "Peggy Mitchell," "Geoffrey Keating," "Righteous Anger," "The Rose in the Wind," "The Main Deep," "Chill of the Eve," "On a Lonely Spray," and "The [illegible] of Bliss," arranged with a few others [illegible] of the æsthetic entertain- [illegible] us by one of the world's [illegible] oets. * * * Likewise, any- [illegible] ard Stephens will be inter- ested [illegible] ay several poems in this selection are accented so that certain letters be sounded as long as possible, two beats held at the end of a line, and so on. * * * Note, for instance, the onomatopoiea of "The Main Deep":

*The long-rólling,*
*Steady-póuring,*
*Deep-trenchéd,*
*Green billów.*

*The wide-topped,*
*Unbróken,*
*Green-glacid,*
*Slów-sliding,*

*Cóld-flushing,*
*—On-on-on—*
*Chill rushing,*
*Hush-hushing,*

*—Hush-hushing—*

* * * *A. Edward Newton* informs a correspondent that

> My latest and probably last literary offence will appear in September under the joint auspices of Little, Brown & Co., and the Atlantic Press. The title is "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers;" the "greatest book" being, of course, the Bible. As soon as I get this job off my hands, I am going abroad to stay until the storm blows over.

This eminent Johnsonian, Surteesian, Trollopeian, Agnite, etc., was reecntly awarded an honorary degree, Doctor of Letters, by Haverford College. * * * Putnam has now brought out "Georgian Stories 1925," the third volume of short stories collected from contemporary English writers. * * * This time *Michael Arlen* leads off with one of his most amusing trifles, and the other contributors include *E. M. Forster*, *C. E. Montague*, *Osbert Sitwell*, *Aldous Huxley*, *Naomi Mitchison*, *J. C. Squire*, and *Richard Hughes*. * * * *Thomas Boyd* and his wife, *Woodward Boyd*, who have produced about five works of fiction between them, have taken a house at Woodstock, Vermont, for the summer. Thomas's latest novel, "Samuel Drummond," will appear in the fall. * * * *Walter Lippmann's* "The Phantom Public: A Restatement of the Theory of Popular Government" will soon be out. It is an attempt to define the rôle of public opinion in a republic. * * * *M. R. Werner* whose "Brigham Young" has just taken its place among notable American biographies, seems to be indefatigable in his discussion of America's great ones. He has for some time been at work upon a life of *Edgar Allan Poe*. * * * In the latter part of September *A. S. M. Hutchinson* will break a silence of three years with a new novel, "One Increasing Purpose." What from? Quick! * * * Why, *Tennyson*, of course! * * * Yes, "In Memoriam." * * * We understand that the recent winner of a trip to California and a week in Hollywood—for writing the best review of "The Skyrocket," *Adela Rogers St. Johns's* novel of the film-studios—is the *Reverend Rupert Holloway*, Unitarian minister of Bloomington, Illinois. * * * A sporting parson! * * * Mr. Holloway is accustomed to deliver sermons with a contemporary novel as theme. In this way he was attracted to "The Skyrocket." * * * *William Beebe* will return from the Sargasso Sea expedition at about the time his "Jungle Days" comes out; but when his book on the Sargasso Sea comes out he will probably be off again on another exploration, investigating animals and insects in some new corner of the globe. * * * The Viking Press announces a new Iowan novelist, *Walter J. Muilenburg*. He has written "Prairie", which will be out in the Fall. He is one of the Midland group *John T. Frederick* has raised up by hand, and John believes his book "is an event of real importance in the development of American fiction in the Mississippi Valley." * * * A good book of recent poems is "Voices of the Stones," by "*A. E.*", the famous Irish poet and philosopher. * * * *John Curtis Underwood*, the well-known American poet, announces $1,000 worth of poetry prizes to be given by him at Santa Fé this fall for the best unpublished free verse by Americans. * * * $499 is the first prize, $299 the second, $202 the third. The contest closes September 15th and manuscripts will not be returned. Mr. Underwood is sole judge. The poems must be of a total of fifty lines or less, and one poem or more may be submitted. * * * Send your poems to John Curtis Underwood, Santa Fé, New Mexico. * * * Speaking of Santa Fé, *Witter Bynner* has just finished a new full-length play for the Santa Fé players, a satirical fantasy in rhyme, called "Cake". * * * Witter wrote it outdoors, turned away to burn some tumble-weed, and turned back to find that a small boy had thrown the manuscript into the bonfire. Yet, within sixty hours, during which time he appeared at Albuquerque in his play, "The Little King", he had rewritten "Cake" almost verbatim. * * * Bynner believes that the boy will grow up a critic! * * * Well, we see that the Limerick Society of America has at last been formed. Funny there never was one before! *Oliver Herford* certainly makes the proper President for it. Hooray for the limerick carnival! * * * *Clement Shorter*, the wise-cracker of London, has, we understand, intimated that the late *Amy Lowell* died of a broken heart over the English reviews of her *"John Keats"!* * * * We never heard a greater lot of poppycock! * * * But it is all of a piece with the English attitude toward the book, one of fright and frenzy. * * * An American touches the life of a sacrosanct English poet and Britannia waives the rules. But an Englishman writes several rather childish dramas about Lincoln and Lee and the American public flock to see them. * * * The generosity of America is, at times, almost half witted. Why in thunder don't *we* cultivate a superior sneer! * * * No, go on, Clement, old cock,—think up something better than that! * * * And so, anon, anon!

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